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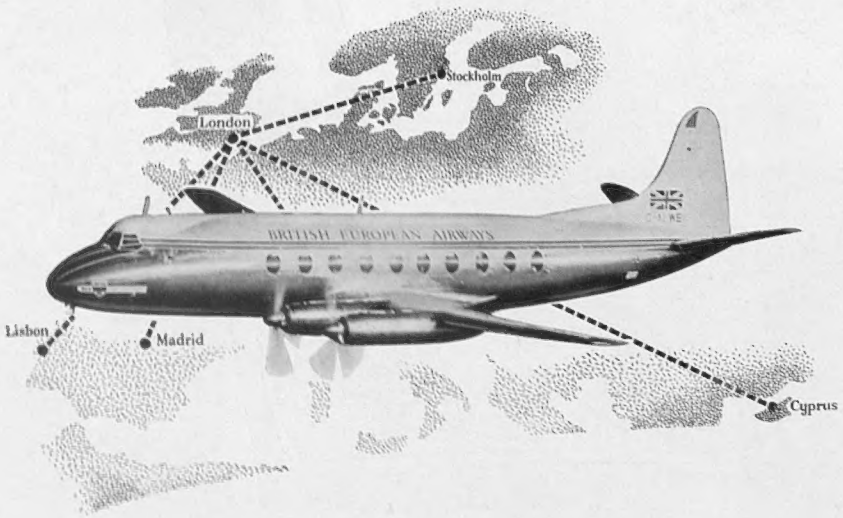

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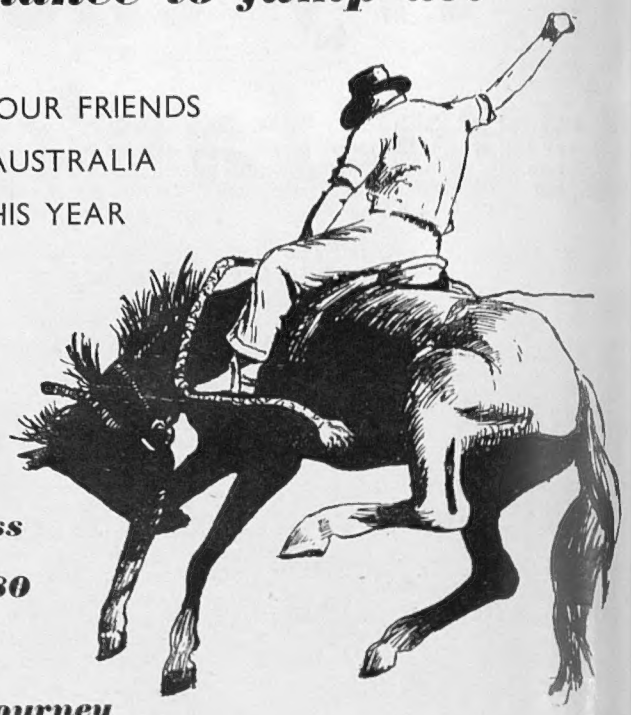

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Volume CCXVI No. 2818 The SPHERE, London, February 13, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN SETS FOOT IN AUSTRALIA—HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, LEAVES THE ROYAL BARGE AT MAN-O'-WAR STEPS, FARM COVE, SYDNEY, TO BE GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM: This was a great day in the history of the Commonwealth of Australia and as many people as possible crowded round the harbour and along the route to Government House to cheer the arrival of the first crowned Sovereign in the country. As soon as the *Gothic* entered the harbour hundreds of small craft took up the unofficial duty of escorting the liner to Athol Bight. From then on the Royal barge, in which the Queen and the Duke had embarked, passed along a narrow lane formed by anchored yachts. **(See also pages 214-15 and 232-33.).**

From the moment on February 3 when the Queen's Royal tour ship *Gothic* approached the Heads of Sydney Harbour until several days later when the Royal visitors embarked on the two-months tour of the Commonwealth, cheering in Australia's oldest city was almost incessant. It was estimated that over 1,000,000 people crowded along the Royal route from Farm Cove to Government House, and the greeting extended to the Queen and her Consort was said to be the greatest ever known in Australia. During the Royal stay in Sydney, traffic was disrupted and great crowds continually massed along any route which the Queen was known to be taking. Despite the split-second timing arrangements, the Queen and the Duke were often late in arriving at receptions, the reason being that their car had been brought almost to a standstill by the crowds storming the barriers. On the second day in Sydney came the opening of the N.S.W. State Parliament, and then at the week-end the Royal Party went out to Randwick racecourse and Bondi Beach—a familiar programme to almost any citizen of Sydney on a hot Saturday afternoon.

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THE FUTURE OF STEPNEY'S ALMSHOUSES

TRINITY ALMSHOUSES, IN THE MILE END ROAD, WHICH MAY BE ACQUIRED BY THE L.C.C. : The plaque on this old building at the entrance to the almshouses records that the homes were built by the Corporation of Trinity House in 1695 for "28 decay'd Masters of Ships or ye Widows of such."

Subject to the approval of the Charity Commissioners, the Corporation of Trinity House are prepared to sell to the L.C.C. the entire property, comprising twenty-three almshouses and private chapel erected towards the end of the seventeenth century; forty-four nineteenth-century almshouses, and an adjacent vacant site. The L.C.C. Housing Committee consider that the property should be acquired and that the twenty-three seventeenth-century almshouses, badly damaged during the war, should be restored and made suitable for housing accommodation; the chapel may be repaired with a view to its conversion into a combined museum and reading-room. The forty-four nineteenth-century almshouses, forty-three of which are held on requisition by the Stepney Metropolitan Borough Council, would continue to be used for residential purposes. Estimated cost of acquiring the property, including incidental expenses, is £17,000.

THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE BEFORE THE ALMSHOUSES ARE MADE HABITABLE : These two pictures, showing (*above*) a view of some of the dwellings, and (*below*) the derelict chapel, emphasise the present sorry state of the property.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Big Four.—I kept silence even from good words in the first days of the Foreign Ministers' Conference. It was not a bright opportunity for a prophet, and nobody cares to read the words of Jonah, which are not appropriate to the opening of a vital conference. I looked carefully at the Press photographs of the men on whom some of the destiny of our unhappy civilisation might well depend, and I studied their faces. Two looked like benevolent professors, such as one may see any night during term time in an Oxford Common Room. Two might have adorned the stage, the legitimate and variety. All looked as if peace and kindliness and charity warmed their hearts, and not one appeared to own "the face to launch a thousand ships," like Helen's of Troy. These are, in default of their immediate chiefs, the Big Four of civilisation to-day, and I wondered whether they should so conduct their discussions as to accept the label of "big four" or, rather, to proceed on the basis that none of them should assume he was a big enough man to be able to hear the whole truth, and to listen calmly and judicially to proposals contrary to his own beliefs or wishes. These four men represent four great nations, but they themselves are individuals with the human frailties of men, even of able men. They dislike being snubbed or contradicted, they hate being preached at, they can't resist *tu quoques*, when criticised. None of us can. So the nations they represented did in a real sense depend for better or worse on the frailties of four individuals. No doubt it was a time for greatness. More certainly it was an occasion for infinite tact. And tact was not always the first article of the technique, albeit much more tact than usual sweetened the start of the proceedings, with hopeful results.

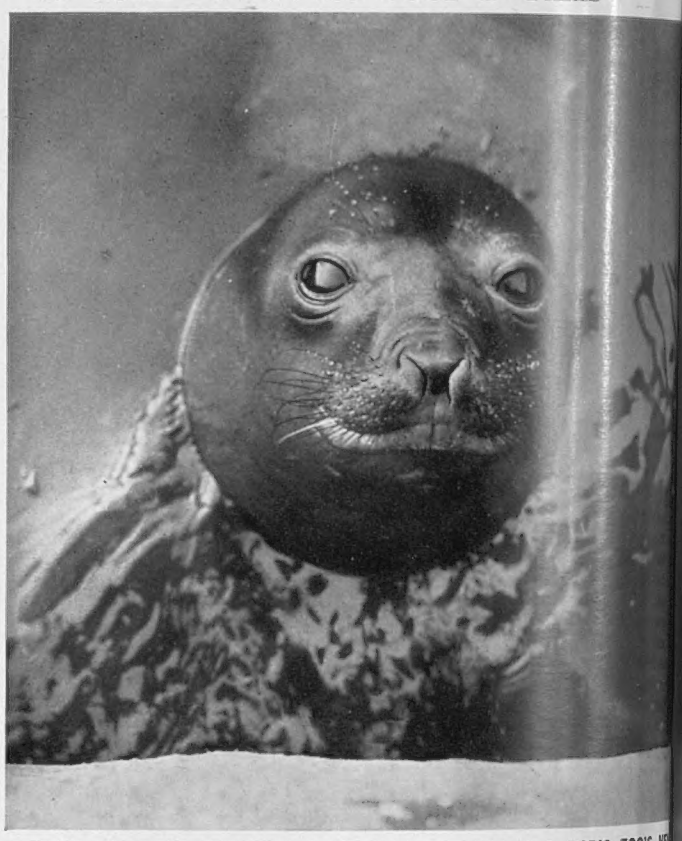
Escoffier Sauce?—The procedure in all such controversial international discussions at high level is by formula. When you boil the formula down, it seems quite a simple matter; its author receives praise from those who support him, for his statesmanship, which is, in other words, getting as much as you can for your own point of view without totally alienating your opponent, a mixture of tact and determination, of insistence and compromise, of shutting yet keeping open the door. Therein, in the brewing of the mixture, lies the statesmanship. The ingredients are easy enough to select; and could be chosen and prepared for the salad bowl, one might suppose, by a much smaller staff of cooks than Foreign Ministers find necessary. The *Chef en chef* takes the spoon and prepares his sauce or dressing. He is indeed a *chef en chef*, a blue-ribbon, an Escoffier, if he can make his dish palatable all round the table. If he succeed, he brings back "Peace with Honour" *pro tem.*, and gets his blue ribbon. But nowadays the art seemed to be lost and success is very rare. After a week of reasonably sweet exchanges, the Russian chef took in hand the pepper-box and vinegar bottle, and for the Western chefs peace with honour appeared to recede again. It looked like the mixture as before.

"We Can't Go On Like This."—Sometimes we get a hint that dictators realise the weakness of dictatorships, chief of which is the difficulty of speaking in two languages—the language of hate of the foreigner and oppressor for home consumption, and the language of diplomacy for communicating with foreign Powers. Even Neguib has declared that relations with Britain have become unbearable. "We can't go on like this." He would like to come to England and explain. He is sure he could make us understand. I doubt it. As long as his Ministers insult Britain and spur on the nation's assassins to murder and sabotage, and threaten war, I very much doubt if any of us would see sweet reasonableness in Neguib or any of his arguments. Franco is faced with the same difficulty. He must always keep nationalism alive with a new slogan, and like all dictators, he is liable to be caught up in the juggernaut he sets spinning to keep the students and the mobs sweet. For a week we dared hope that the gentler Molotov revealed in the first days in Berlin was the result of the same tardy idea in the Kremlin that "we can't go on like this"; but it is too early to say with certainty at the time of writing. Cold war is not good for trade, and we are all coming to see that to-day economics are much more important than politics if civilisation is to survive. For politics among bankrupts is about as useful as an auction of bank overdrafts. It has become a truism that all nations are inter-dependent, we sink or swim together. We are "one big family," though we may hate or despise each other, and if that is a truism, nationalism is a contradiction in terms.

A Question of Taste at the Tate?—Some of the artists who have resigned from the Boa of Trustees at the Tate Gallery have called for a publ inquiry into the spending of public money on acquirin works of art. One or two of them said that the powe of the Board are exercised by the Director of th Gallery and by the Board's chairman, Sir J. Rothe stein, and Mr. Proctor, a Civil Servant, and that th trustees are mere lay figures. The items of complain are that the conditions of the Trust have not alwa been observed, that much too high prices have be paid for moderns, that chances of buying the work "approved" moderns at low prices have been miss by indecision. The last two criticisms clearly reve that the trouble at the Tate is a matter of taste. brings into prominence the awful doubt and respons bility of all art critics, who "gamble in futures," an must pronounce on merit, old and new. Is the late "work of genius," approved by a coterie, a new wor of genius or an abortion? Will this new sculpture o painting survive in the judgment of posterity or becom junk in a decade? If you want to back it on favourabl terms, you can't dilly-dally. You must make up yo mind quickly while the going is good. Otherwise th price will shorten for your bet, or treble for your buy And your buy is made with *our* money. There is n subject (save only matters of religion) which rais such bitter controversy as the appraisal of modern ar Therefore the pundits of the *Tate*, whoever they ar must expect to be shot at, and with poisoned arrow They have one good piece of armour. Art must marc forward. Merit did not die with Lawrence or Rod It is a living force. But the difficulty is to deci whether this or that new production will outli the trumpet call of a living coterie. And that why the pundit or art critic is an unhapp frightened man.

Wimbledon Common Windmill.—appeal for £500 to help towards the renovation the windmill on Wimbledon Common has been ma by the Conservators. The windmill is scheduled to-d as an ancient monument of historical interest and i stood on the site for nearly 250 years. This appe interests me for family reasons. Nearly a centu ago it was decided by authority to remove it. that time, and for sixty years, my grandparents liv in the big, rambling, red-brick house, now divided in flats, which still stands on the West Side, opposite t Round Pond, next to Cannizaro. It had no nam being called indifferently Mr. Gore's or Lady Kerry house on the Common. When my grandmother, La Kerry, heard of the death warrant for the windm she ordered her carriage and drove up to London plead for the windmill to Lord Spencer, the th responsible Minister. She won her appeal and sav the old mill. Lord Spencer, perhaps, was influenc by the fact that she and he were cousins and, more by the fact that his family had long owned the gr house and the land on the other side of the Commo which ran right down to the present Wimbledon La Tennis Grounds. The mill was saved, and it was o regular walk in childhood from the Old House

"AT HOME" IN AN ICY POOL IN PARIS



POKING HIS HEAD THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE IS A PARIS ZOO'S NE SEAL : He arrived from the Kerguelen Islands, in the South Indi Ocean, a few weeks ago and promptly went on a hunger strike. T recent icy weather, however, convinced him he was still "at home and he gladly accepted the food offered by his keepers—so much that he now puts away a total of 12 lb. of fish at each sitti

which I was born. It is worth a small donation from anyone who enjoys the Common. For it is a pleasant old feature of our most charming urban Common.

Midhurst or Eskdalemuir.—We used in old days in gentle West Sussex to shiver for the sufferers and be smug when we read of the winter temperatures at Eskdalemuir. But in the late troubles it was Midhurst, of all places, which gave the nasty reading of 4 below zero, and electricity cuts for good measure. "Come to West Sussex where winter never comes." That hotelier's slogan must be revised, if this recent habit—for so it seems to become—of giving Southern England the lion's share of the winter persists. I wonder if our map has been inadvertently turned upside-down, like our social life and international politics. I was reading in the late bitter freeze-up a charming brochure describing the tropical plants that flourish at Inverewe, in Wester Ross, where the Gulf Stream really works, and many of my friends on both sides of the Moray Firth wrote to me of their "open" days in their gardens. But in gentle Sussex hacking ice, shovelling snow and unfreezing pipes were the only tasks open to us. And as for our roads, they have been a very bad joke for too long and the time has come to tender for the snowploughs of Scotland. We are always caught bending when it snows, and we go into winter as England always goes into war—unprepared. We batter the snow into sheet-ice in the first few hours, and roads remain impassable for days or weeks. Our local authorities, who have the spending of so much of our money, might improvise a few snowploughs and use them on the roads, not when traffic has beaten the snow into sheet-ice, but immediately after the snow has ceased to fall. Then we could go about our business as usual. As things are, we are all turned into Crusoes for the duration.

A Tragic Week.—The last days of January and the first of February are tragic dates in recent history. Last year came the great floods on the East Coast. This year, outstandingly, the slaughter of innocents on unsafe ice. No doubt "safety first" is no good maxim for youth in a dangerous age, but "common sense first" is another thing, and I wonder whether our halting efforts at general education have not begun at the wrong end. If we assert that education should begin and continue in the home, then, indeed, we should begin by trying to educate the parents. And, Heaven knows, they need it. In millions of homes the wireless is turned on all day long, pouring out its scraps of knowledge and its scraps of recreation while the housewife goes about her daily chores. Sermon, saw or spoonerism, crack or comic, it all comes the same to her. It is *noise* and beats on her eardrums, and gives a sense of modernity and amenity which her parents never knew. But her parents working without such distractions had time to reflect, and even time to look after the children and give them sensible advice. But nowadays, when the "ice bears" on the village pond or reservoir, the children are off under cover of the noise to shift for themselves. There is no one with time to teach them common sense, which is not inherent in babies, and bitter, avoidable tragedy results. The policeman can't be everywhere. The parent is the first protector of the child, and since the wars common sense has dropped out as a subject of early education. No doubt there were special reasons to account for many of the northern tragedies, and no sympathy can be too great for the bereaved. But, in a general way, there is need for general education in bare common sense. Summer or winter, by water, on mountains, on roads and in the sea, common sense could prevent waste of life.

Francasal Case.—The Francasal case, which lasted many days in the court of first hearing, went on for sixteen days at Old Bailey—four weeks of jury time. An immense number of witnesses were examined by numerous counsel and the costs are put at £20,000. The judge summed up for 4½ hours, the jury deliberated for 3½ hours, and at the end were unable to reach agreement on any particular put to them. All therefore—save the committal investigation—is to do again. Do we say that there is something wrong with our legal system, that other systems provide for majority verdicts? No, we glory in our fine old institutions and rules. It is doubtful if majority verdicts would have settled the complicated decisions left to the jury in this case. There must be a new trial in the present sessions, and presumably it will be as "complete" as the last. Nothing can be taken for granted, taken as read. Each witness must play his part as if on "a first night." Each counsel must probe and press and express astonishment or disbelief, as if he heard the witness's words for the first time. A new jury and (for the poor judge's sake we hope) a new judge will try the case as if no word of it had ever reached the public ear. Certainly we have no reason to complain that our legal system is deficient in justice.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

RESTORING EDINBURGH'S ROYAL MILE

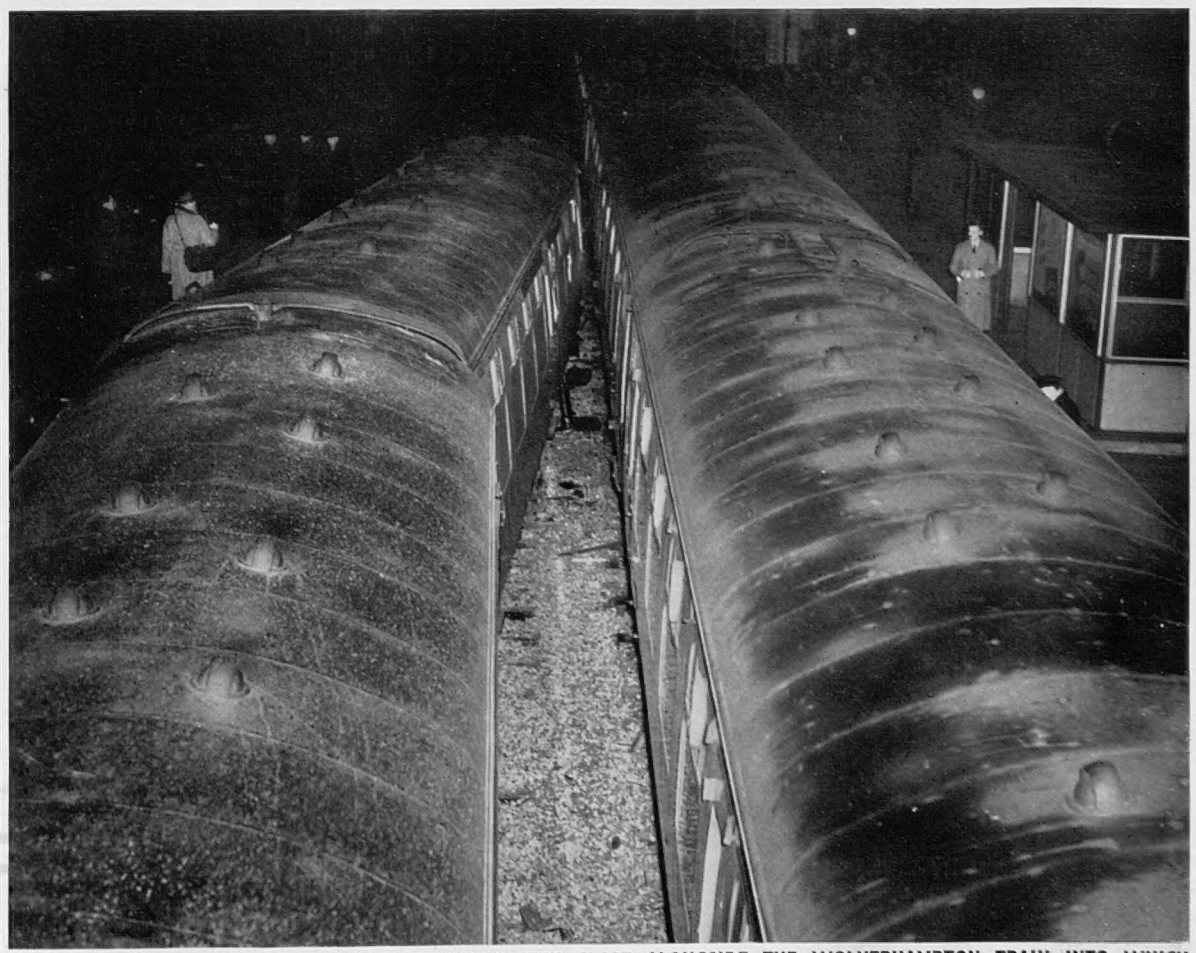
John Mackay Illustrates Progress in the Canongate Tolbooth Area

THE "ROYAL SCOT" COLLISION AT WATFORD

DAMAGED BY THE "ROYAL SCOT" AT WATFORD JUNCTION: This is the Wolverhampton train which narrowly missed being involved in a disaster as the *Royal Scot* became derailed outside the station. The coaches of the latter train struck the former as it came to a halt half-way along the platform.

Last week when the *Royal Scot* became derailed and ploughed along Watford Junction Station, damaging the platform and scraping a stationary Wolverhampton–London train, a possible major disaster was averted by the presence of mind of a passenger who had realised something was amiss just before the train pulled into the station. Seeing sparks going past the window while the *Royal Scot* was in a tunnel, Mr. Stannett, from Garrowhill, Lanarkshire, pulled the communication cord and the train began slowing down. As the train left the tunnel the driver of the Wolverhampton train also saw that something was wrong and brought his own train to an abrupt halt. Just then the last two coaches of the *Royal Scot* left the main part of the train, grazed the platform and became derailed. The rest of the train continued for a short distance until this, too, came to a halt, with the rear coaches causing further damage. Meanwhile, a loose bogie from the second-to-last coach of the train crashed across the platform and came to rest on the slow line. Despite the derailment, the close contact between the two trains and the scraping of the *Royal Scot* against the platform no one was fatally injured.

THE DERAILED BOGIE OF THE "ROYAL SCOT": This crashed across the station and landed upside-down, half on the line and half on the platform, as the train came to a halt.



THE DERAILED COACHES OF THE "ROYAL SCOT" SEEN CLOSE ALONGSIDE THE WOLVERHAMPTON TRAIN INTO WHICH IT CRASHED: Although the rear two coaches left the main part of the train and ploughed along the track, causing damage to the platform, they did not overturn. The remaining rear coaches of the train then hit the platform further along and caused more damage. Altogether the main-line track was damaged for about a mile.

AUSTRALIA'S STIRRING WELCOME TO THE QUEE

The Great Reception in Sydney Harbour at the Start of the Two Months Tour of the Commonwealth

FAREWELL TO NEW ZEALAND: The Queen, accompanied by the Prime Minister, Mr. S. G. Holland, and followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, waves farewell to the crowds before rejoining the liner *Gothic* at Bluff, for the voyage to Australia. The Queen was in New Zealand for 5½ weeks and toured the two islands from north to south, having arrived at Auckland just before Christmas. Further pictures of the last days in New Zealand will be found on pages 232–33.

THE QUEEN MEETS THE FLAG-OFFICER OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAV Rear-Admiral R. R. Dowling seen talking with the Royal tour following his presentation by the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. R. Menzies, who is seen on the Queen's right. Soon after this picture w taken Mr. Menzies withdrew from the official ceremonies in place of t New South Wales State Premier, Mr. J. J. Cahill, who later said, in a spe of welcome, "Our soul is British. We think British. We act British

THE "GOTHIC" STEAMS THROUGH SYDNEY HARBOUR: As soon as the ship came in sight, followed by warships of the Royal Australian Navy, many small craft swarmed round the liner and escorted her to the anchorage at Athol Bight. By this time the city's church bells were pealing forth and almost every ship was sounding its hooter.

THE QUEEN LISTENS TO A SPEECH OF WELCOME The Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman Patrick Hill seen reading the City's address at Farm Cove

WITH THE WORLD-FAMOUS HARBOUR BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND, THE SMALL CRAFT MASS ROUND THE OFFICIAL WELCOMING PARTY AT FARM COVE: It seemed as if every available boat had turned out to escort the Queen through the harbour. In the background are some of the ferry-boats which ply between Circular Quay and points in the Sydney suburbs. On the first night of the Royal visit a big firework display was held in the harbour, the Queen watching the proceedings from Government House.

. . . AND HER MAJESTY REPLIES: She said how delighted they were by the spectacular welcome given to both herself and the Duke by the yachtsmen in the harbour.

THE TRIUMPHANT DRIVE ALONG THE TEN-MILE PROCESSIONAL WAY THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF SYDNEY: Escorting the Royal car to Government House was a detachment of the New South Wales Mounted Police. As the car passed through the streets it was showered with "ticker-tape" and streamers. A halt was made at the Cenotaph, in Martin Place, where the Queen and the Duke laid a wreath.

THE WINTRY BEAUTY OF DEESIDE: On the Devil's Elbow road near Braemar the rays of the setting sun catch the Deeside hills and the valley of the River Clunie at the close of a winter's day. Oddly enough, Scotland was not affected by the recent frozen spell nearly as much as the South of England. While there were severe frosts in the south, in many parts of Scotland the temperature was 40 degs.; at Sule Skerry, in the Orkneys, it was 46 degs. Later the thaw spread southwards from Scotland, but stopped at the Midlands, leaving the south to go on freezing.

BRITAIN FREEZES

From Scotland to the South, Great Drifts of Snow and Ice-bound Roads Isolated Whole Communities

A SNOWPLOUGH GETS STUCK IN KENT: This snowplough was trying to clear a road through to an old people's home in Otterden, which had been isolated for five days. One old man died there as a result of a fall; two ambulances had tried in vain to reach him. At one point, plans were made to fly out by helicopter an inmate who was ill. Several villages in that area were completely cut off.

THE FROZEN SEA AT BLACKPOOL BEACH: Blackpool's famous tower looks down on a wintry seaside waste more Arctic than English. The sea froze in many places round the English coast, and, at points, many of the larger rivers in the south were frozen over.

A SIGNPOST NEAR LENHAM, KENT, SHOWS THE DEPTH OF THE SNOW : Eastling, a village near Faversham, was cut off for five days by snow-drifts as much as 6 ft. deep. A milkman and baker managed to make deliveries by crossing the snow-covered fields, and the resourceful postmaster brought in newspapers from the neighbouring village of Newnham by sledge.

On right—

CLEARING THE ROAD TO EASTLING : A snowplough follows up a gang of men with shovels to clear a road to Eastling : 1,000 men and 180 snowploughs worked continuously from the time of the first heavy fall to clear snow and ice from Kent's 3,500 miles of road-ways. The cost of a week's operations on that scale was estimated at about £20,000.

DEER SEARCH FOR FOOD IN FRONT OF KNOLE HOUSE, SEVENOAKS : During the second week of the frost milder weather spread southwards. A warm belt of air was expected to reach Southern England, but, capriciously, it halted in the Midlands. Southerners continued to freeze and shiver.

SKATERS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK : Skating was allowed in some of the Royal parks in London for only the second time since 1929. There has to be a minimum thickness of ice (at St. James's Park it is 3 ins.), which is carefully measured by officials before the public is allowed on to it.

STON BOYS ON "LEG-OF-MUTTON" POND : Boys who found themselves without ice skates organised a special ball game on ice—quite in accordance with modern trends in entertainment. The finishing touch—the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre playing *Hamlet* on ice—was a rare opportunity missed.

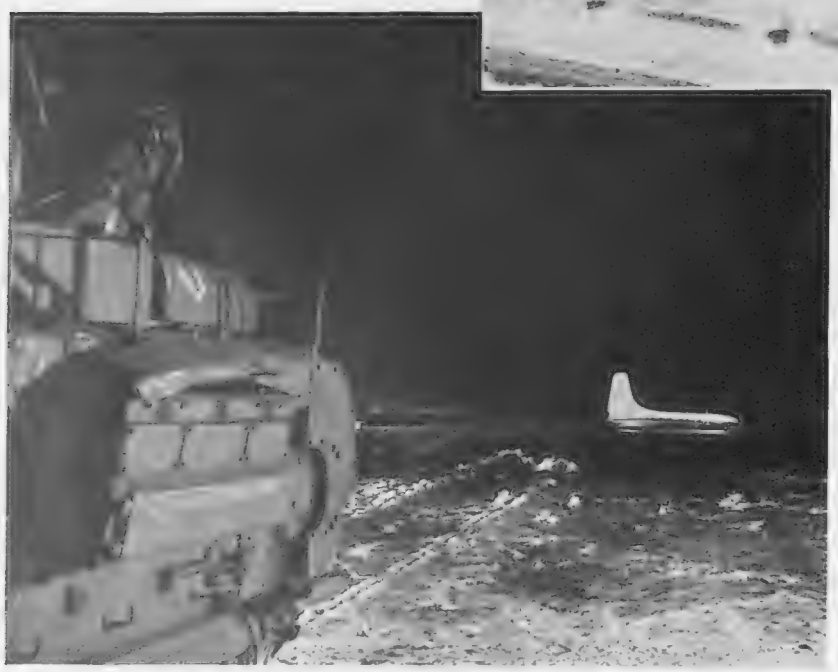
AN AERIAL VIEW OF CARSPHAIRN, KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE, NEAR DALMELLINGTON : Like many villages in Kent, Carsphairn was cut off by heavy snowfalls. But not for so long ; the thaw set in much earlier in the north. On Merseyside there were 1,000 calls for assistance with burst pipes ; East Durham also had 1,000 burst pipes as the thaw began.

THE WRECKED BRITANNIA IS SALVAGED

After Crashing on a Severn Estuary Mudbank, with One Engine on Fire, the Britannia was Brought to Dry Land by a Day and Night Salvage Effort

On right—

SALVAGE OPERATIONS ON THE BRITANNIA AIR-LINER SEEN FROM THE AIR OVER THE SEVERN ESTUARY : Salvage crews worked day and night last week-end to salve the second prototype of the Bristol Britannia airscrew-turbine airliner which had crash-landed on Littleton Flats, a mudbank area of the Severn Estuary about 14 miles north of Bristol. The aircraft, which was on a routine flight, was landed there by Mr. A. J. Pegg after the inner starboard engine had caught fire. The first attempts made by Churchill tanks to drag the plane off the mud were ineffective because none of the steel hawsers were strong enough to take the strain without breaking. Eventually the starboard wing was cut off with oxy-acetylene burners and the faulty engine removed for examination ; the main body of the aircraft was filled with flotation bags and, with air tanks strapped to the port wing, it was floated off on the tide and moored preparatory to being dismantled. (Earlier pictures of the Britannia appear on page 224.)



A CHURCHILL TANK TRIES TO DRAG IN THE BRITANNIA : Attempts were made before the first high tide to pull it clear, but the steel hawsers kept parting. Fourteen people were on board when the plane crashed ; only one was slightly hurt.

MEN AT WORK ON THE FAULTY ENGINE : The starboard wing, with the inner engine whose catching fire caused the crash, was later cut off and the engine taken to the Bristol Company's works. The plane had made its maiden flight only six weeks previously.

THE SEVERED STARBOARD WING OF THE BRITANNIA : The wing was partly cut through by burners and the rising tide finished the job by sweeping it away from the fuselage. Later, the 10-ton wing was dragged in by a tank and lifted on to high ground by the tank's lifting gear.

DIGGING OUT A PROPELLER : The Britannia, which cost some £800,000 to build, was not insured ; the Ministry of Supply bears the loss. B.O.A.C. have thirty-three Britannias on order.

THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE AT THE SOVIET EMBASSY : The four Foreign Ministers and their delegations during one of the sessions in the second week of the Berlin Conference. At right is Mr. Eden, and to his right Mr. Anthony Nutting, his Parliamentary Under-Secretary. In the centre is M. Bidault, and to his left, wearing a bow-tie, is M. François-Poncet, French High Commissioner in Germany. On left can be seen Mr. Dulles, and in the centre, with his back to the camera, is Mr. Molotov. The chairman's gavel lies in front of him.

NEW SETTING FOR THE BERLIN TALKS

Scenes During the Second Week of the Foreign Ministers' Conference, which was Held at the Soviet Embassy

During the second week of the Berlin Conference, the Foreign Ministers stated their views on German unification. Mr. Molotov disappointed growing hopes when he rejected Mr. Eden's plan for free all-German elections, and proposed instead a referendum throughout Germany to decide whether Germans wanted a peace treaty or membership of the European Defence Community. In his view said Mr. Molotov, the two are incompatible.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATES TRY THEIR FIRST RUSSIAN CIGARETTES : Mr. John Foster Dulles and, immediately to his right, Dr. J. B. Conant, United States High Commissioner in Germany, awaiting the reactions of other American delegates around them. They had just lit their first Pappyrossi, the Russian cigarette.

THE FRENCH DELEGATES GET DOWN TO WORK : Seated at the Conference table in the Soviet Embassy's hall of mirrors, from left, are M. Alexandre Parodi, head of the French Foreign Office ; M. Bidault, the Foreign Minister ; M. François-Poncet, the High Commissioner, and M. Louis Joxe, French Ambassador to Moscow.

MR. MOLOTOV PLAYS HOST TO MR. EDEN : A friendly moment at the beginning of the Big Four talks held in the Soviet Embassy, in the Unter den Linden. Looking on are Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, seated in the right foreground ; Mr. Malik, Russian Ambassador in London, and Mr. Pavlov, chief interpreter.

STALINALLEE, EAST BERLIN : This street of apartment houses, a mile-and-a-half long and 240 ft. wide, has been built on the ruins of the old Frankfurter Allee. Just before the opening of the Berlin conference of Foreign Ministers, the Russians threw open East Berlin to Western cameramen and reporters. Stalinallee is their principal showpiece : East Berlin officials describe the uniform building style as "the new German architecture based on the experience gained during the reconstruction of Leningrad and Stalingrad."

THE SIGHTS OF RUSSIAN BERLI

TO COMMEMORATE THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' CONFE ENCE, WESTERN JOURNALISTS ARE ALLOWED T INSPECT THE SOVIET SECTOR AFTER A FOUR-YEAR BA

CONTRASTS IN EAST BERLIN : Outside the sportpalast in Stalinallee, a horse and cart trundles past on a furniture-removing job. The gymnasium and sports hall seats 5,100 ; externally there is a decided Hellenic motif in the columns, the classical statue, and the bas-relief.

INSIDE THE NEW SPORTS HALL : The East German table tennis champions did not exactly draw a capacity crowd to Stalinallee. East Ber officials claim that they built this hall, up to the roof, in 139 day

Just before the Foreign Ministers' conference started in Berlin, Western correspondents were allowed to cross freely into the Soviet sector of the city and to take photographs of the new buildings that are rising from the ruins. Perhaps the most spectacular effort has gone into the building of Stalinallee, a broad thoroughfare, a mile-and-a-half long, which is flanked by vast blocks of flats.

Reporters who had been in Moscow saw in the Stalinallee a striking resemblance to the Soviet capital's Leningrad Chaussée. There is a considerable degree of uniformity about the buildings : these nine- and eleven-storey "apartment palaces" have only four variants of design and have been hailed as either "boring" or "impressive"—mainly according to one's political outlook. East Berlin officials describe the layout as "a new German architecture based on the experience gained during the reconstruction of Leningrad and Stalingrad."

The majority of the buildings have a branch of the Government-owned state stores in the shop area below. These stores sell practically everything from food to clothing, shoes, carpets, drinks, cameras, gramophone records, furniture and other goods ; and they are allowed to sell, at a slightly higher price, rationed goods which are free of coupons.

Though the shops were bulging with goods, West Berliners said that that was part of the show ; a partial ban on rail travel to East Berlin was imposed to prevent a run on this unusual abundance in the Soviet sector.

Stalinallee is now almost completed—a mere eighteen months after it was started. Most of the occupants are staunch party members—either "activists," a title conferred for outstanding professional work, or party members who worked in the rubble-clearing programme without pay for at least 350 hours over their normal daily hours. More than 54,000,000 bricks were salvaged in this way. Another 12,000 East Berliners consented to a 3 per cent. cut in their wages for six years ; the money thus raised financed the building of the flats. The 12,000, who have been promised their money back in 1958, were entitled to join in a lottery for 1,000 of the flats ; the winners have now moved in.

The flats are equipped with all modern conveniences, including lifts, central heating, constant hot water, and a system of piped radio and television. Rents are very reasonable, rangi from 40 Eastmarks a month for a one-room flat to 120 Eastmar for a five-room one. (A Westmark is worth about 1s. 8d., a though the official exchange rate is one Westmark for o Eastmark, a Westmark changes hands on the free market f 4½ Eastmarks. So a modern five-room flat in the Soviet sect would cost about 45s. a month.)

But the building which really staggered Western corre spondents was the new Soviet Embassy. The exterior of th building, in Unter den Linden, is heavy and oppressive, b the interior is magnificent, with a kind of Victorian opulen about it. An enormous marble stairway leads from the entranc past massive busts of Lenin and Stalin, to the Cupola Room, 65-ft.-high hall with great fluted pillars of pink marble soarin up to an elaborate stucco-decorated dome. The conferenc room opening off, with its three great chandeliers, was com pared with an eighteenth-century ballroom. All the material for the interior decoration of the Embassy were brought from Russia, and the oddest thing about this Communist palace is the complete absence of any political symbols.

E NEW DWARFS THE OLD : Soaring above the ruins of a church tower this thirteen-storey building marks the beginning of Stalinallee. To help build the street, more than 54,000,000 bricks were salvaged.

APARTMENT BLOCKS ON STALINALLEE : In a square opposite stands a statue of Joseph Stalin, gazing on the street which bears his name. The apartment buildings consist of flats of one, two, three and four rooms. Each block is equipped with lifts, central heating and a roof garden.

STATE-OWNED STORE : In all the blocks on Stalinallee there are State stores which sell everything from food to furniture. They are also allowed to sell rationed goods at an increased price, but free of coupons.

On right—

INSIDE A NEW FLAT : Frau Hegemann and her grandmother watch television in the living-room of their four-room flat. Only good party members live on Stalinallee ; the Hegemanns pay 83 Eastmarks a month for the flat (about 30s.), which has central heating, constant hot water, and radio and television programmes piped in.

Below—

A SHOWPIECE LIVING-ROOM : Frau Hegemann telephones from her new home ; on the right is her dining-room.

A FASHIONABLE EAST BERLIN RESTAURANT : A cigarette girl serves a customer in the Warschau restaurant. Though prices are very high, there are frequent cancellations on the menu owing to food shortages.

INSIDE THE NEW SOVIET EMBASSY : This vast stained-glass window looks out on Unter den Linden and is typical of the fabulous furnishings of the new embassy. It represents the clock tower of the Kremlin.

FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

A Pictorial Review of Recent Events in Four Continents

A RARE GLIMPSE OF A COMMUNIST PARLIAMENT: The Hungarian Parliament in session at Budapest recently. The Members include officers in uniform and women with scarves tied round their heads. The Assembly was addressed by the Hungarian Prime Minister, Mr. Imre Nagy, who told Parliament that he hoped that trade relations with Britain, which were broken off in 1949, would shortly be restored.

On right—

ELECTING NEW SENATORS IN TEHERAN: A vote being dropped into the ballot-box in the presence of an electoral board in the Persian capital. Elections were held for Members of the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament. The electors of Teheran voted for seventy-five people, who elect fifteen from among themselves to represent the city in the Senate.

BUILDING A DAM TO IRRIGATE THE HUNGARIAN PLAINS: The new dam at Tisza Lok, North-Eastern Hungary, as it nears completion. New waterworks, consisting of a dam, a lock and a hydro-electric power station, have been built near the Tisza River. 207 pumps were used to dredge an area of 14 sq. miles. One of the main purposes of the dam is to provide irrigation for part of the Great Plains. The system of locks is designed to make the River Tisza navigable, and the power station will supply electricity for the factories of Eastern Hungary.

A MIXED CROWD LINES UP TO VOTE: Men in modern and old style dress mingling when they arrived to cast their votes in Teheran in the Senate Elections. The elections proceeded quietly although there were a number of anti-British outbursts.

THE PANDIT WEARS A FISHERMAN'S CAP: The Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, holding an oar and wearing a fisherman's cap during the recent Republic Day celebrations in Delhi. With him, right, is his daughter, Indra Gandhi. The Prime Minister is surrounded by some Bombay folk dancers who had staged the fisherman's dance.

THE AGA KHAN RECEIVES PART OF HIS WEIGHT IN PLATINUM: The spiritual leader of the Ismaili Muslims during the ceremony held in Karachi to celebrate his platinum jubilee, his seventieth year as head of the sect. The Aga Khan was weighed in the presence of his wife, the Begum, and his son, Aly Khan. Only a token amount of platinum was placed on the ivory scale. The Aga Khan weighed just over 15 stone, but the scale, specially constructed for the purpose, tipped 14 lb. for every ounce of platinum used. The £2,600,000 collected by the Aga Khan's followers to pay for the platinum have been invested in a corporation which will aim at reducing unemployment.

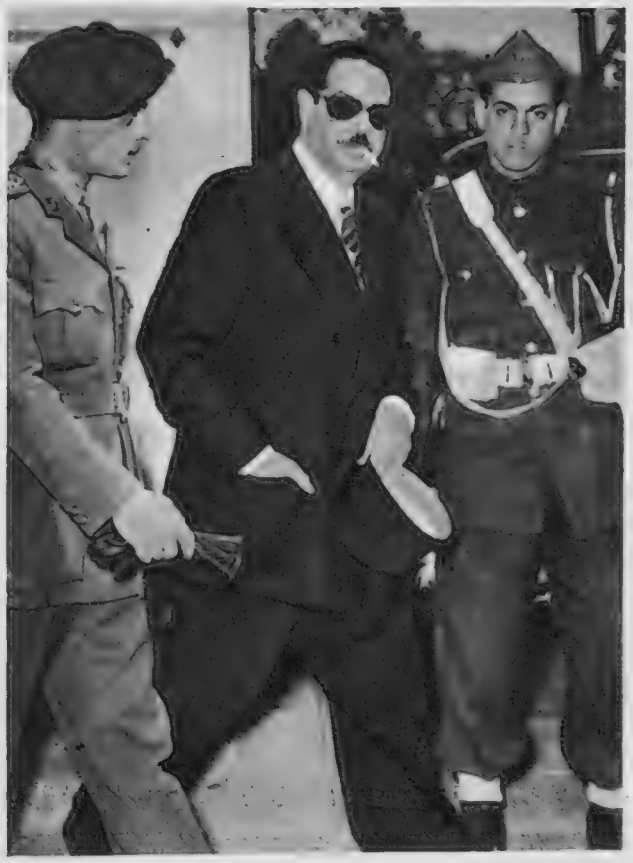
THE SENATOR WHOSE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT IS DOMINATING AMERICAN POLITICS : Senator John W. Bricker seen during a television broadcast in which he said he was prepared to compromise on his amendment. The Bricker Amendment is designed to limit the treaty-making powers of the American Government. Congress would be able to "regulate" Government agreements with foreign nations, and no treaties which deal with matters reserved to the States by the constitution could become law unless approved by the State Legislatures. Senator Bricker's amendment was originally designed to curb the powers of a Democratic President. Now it has turned into a struggle between President Eisenhower and his supporters and the Old Guard of the Republican Party. A compromise amendment was put forward which stated that no treaty or international agreement could contravene the Constitution. But President Eisenhower has so far remained adamant against any amendment that will seriously curb his powers.

A HERO'S WELCOME FOR ANTI-COMMUNIST PRISONERS : Thousands of people assembled in the centre of Taipei, capital of Formosa, to welcome the first anti-Communist Chinese prisoners-of-war who had been released from Korea. The "Goddess of Freedom" is seen on top of the building looking on the "Day of Freedom" celebrations. Altogether more than 15,000 Chinese prisoners-of-war, who had refused repatriation, were welcomed to Formosa by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek.

THE KENYA COURTROOM WHERE "GENERAL CHINA" WAS TRIED : Armed guards outside the little courtroom during the emergency assizes at Nyeri, at which "General China," described as the Mau Mau terrorists' second-in-command, was sentenced to death.

UNMOVED BY THE DEATH SENTENCE : Warhui Itote, "General China," seen in the courtroom after he had been sentenced to death. He had been convicted of consorting with armed persons and of being in unlawful possession of two rounds of ammunition. The "General" showed no signs of emotion when the sentence was passed, and was seen smiling and talking with African police before being driven away. An appeal is being considered.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING EXILE : **The little attic room in Salzburg, Bavaria, just as it was left by Mr. Bohumil Lausman on December 23. The tenant's toilet articles still stand on the mantelpiece, and luggage and clothes were left untouched.** There are no signs of a struggle, yet Mr. Lausman, a former Czech Deputy Prime Minister, has not been seen for more than seven weeks. Mr. Lausman occupied himself writing anti-Communist radio scripts for the French radio. His wife and daughters had been arrested when they tried to escape into Western Germany with him in 1949, and it is now feared that he may have been kidnapped and taken into the Soviet Zone of Germany some sixty miles away. It is possible that he himself went away of his own accord to escape political agents, but his landlady has stated that Mr. Lausman had announced no plans for a journey.



On left—

A WAFDIST LEADER SENTENCED IN CAIRO : Fuad Serag ed Din being escorted by military police from the Revolutionary Court Building in Cairo, after he had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. At his trial, which lasted fifty-two days, Serag ed Din was charged with spreading corruption and abusing his power when in office. Serag ed Din was a former Minister of the Interior and Finance. He was also Secretary-General of the Wafd Party, which was dissolved when General Neguib's Revolutionary Committee seized power. A large number of business men and politicians of the old regime were implicated during the trial, at which the ex-Minister put up a resourceful defence.

A GIANT AT BAY—THE MIGHTY AIRLINER HELD FAST BY THE SEVERN MUD: The Bristol Britannia lying on a mudbank in the Severn Estuary after it had crashed on a routine testing flight. The giant skid-marks in the mud show the course the aircraft took on being landed by the Bristol chief test pilot, Mr. A. J. Pegg. Near the aeroplane's tail, 200 yards from land, men can be seen laying a metal runway for an attempt to drag the aircraft clear of the incoming tide. Unfortunately a hawser broke during the operations, and the attempt failed. The following day heavier equipment, including two Churchill tanks, was used to salvage the airliner. *On right*—The Bristol Britannia well and truly bedded down in the Severn mud, its nose pointed towards the sea. There were fourteen passengers and crew on board the aircraft, among them Dr. A. E. Russell, its chief designer. When one of the engines caught fire, Mr. Pegg searched for somewhere to land the aeroplane without causing too much damage, and finally settled on the Severn mudbanks. Although a fuel tank exploded on landing, only one person received injuries. The machine which crashed was the second prototype of the Bristol Britannia. It is a large airliner powered by four Bristol Proteus airscrew-turbine engines, which is designed to carry up to ninety-three passengers, with a range of some 3,650 miles at about 400 m.p.h. A large number of machines have already been ordered by the British Overseas Airways Corporation and by other airlines throughout the world, but none are yet in commercial use.

A CRASH IN THE MUD

The Forced Landing of the Bristol Britannia on the Severn Mudflats, where it was Held Fast for over Twenty-four Hours

A PROUD AND HISTORIC CITY WHERE PROGRESS IS THE KEYNOTE: An aerial picture by the *Dundee Courier* of Central and West Dundee. In the immediate foreground, left, is the imposing Caird Hall. On its left are the docks, and on the right, beyond the open City Square, is the High Street, the focal point of the city. Though Dundee was a Royal burgh as long ago as the twelfth century, to-day it is a lively, bustling city always eager to keep on terms with the latest modern developments.

DUNDEE—CITY OF PROGRESS

The Ancient Scottish Burgh whose Move with the Times is Making it Prosperous, but whose Precise Character Remains Elusive

By GEORGE BLAKE

TO all those who dabble in the fine art of defining the *genius loci* of any living community—that cunning exercise of geographical curiosity and psychological speculation—there can be safely recommended the curious, baffling case of the City of Dundee, in the County of Angus, Scotland.

Most tolerably well-informed people could trot out off-hand at least a thumbnail impression of the three other great Scottish cities. Edinburgh means Princes Street, the Castle, a Royal residence and, latterly, the Festival. Glasgow is all ships, trams, high jinks in the Gorbals and Left Wing politics. Aberdeen is fish, granite and funny stories. The rough generalisations can pass. But what is Dundee to, say, the Cornishman, beyond two small items in the document through which he hopes to collect a fortune from the Pools?

Our imaginary Cornishman might think of marmalade, for instance; or he might, on the same line, remember from boyhood a particularly rich species of fruit cake. If his schooling in geography was sound he should be able to remember that the staple industry of this city on the estuary of the Tay is the processing of jute from India into bags, matting, and so on; and he may even recall that there is a tidy bit of shipbuilding and engineering about the place. If, however, he fancies that the modern aggregation of stone and lime, steel and concrete, is the "Bonnie Dundee" of the lilting tune, then he had better check his references. The phrase was coined by Sir Walter Scott to celebrate the romantic deeds of a mere man—James Graham of Claverhouse, created Viscount Dundee in 1688.

No, "bonnie" is not the word for modern Dundee. A better word is "interesting," even "fascinating." The site alone is splendid. Quite a high hill, the Law, rises above the back of the town, and from its slopes the streets and houses seem to tumble downhill towards the water's edge. The outlook is always southwards-looking into the eye of the sun and across the pleasant, shallow, sandbanky waters of the Tay Estuary, towards the ripe fields of Fife and the cosy sandstone villas of Dundee's dormitory extensions.

The Tay Bridge is always there: a wonderful work of engineering indeed, but perhaps suggesting to the stranger with a clear eye a sort of functional eel that has been persuaded to anchor tail and head between the counties of Fife and Angus. Our Cornishman will assuredly be called upon to look at the surviving stumps of the first bridge, which collapsed during a storm in the winter of 1879 as an express train was passing over it, thus causing great loss of life in distressing circumstances and providing Dr. A. J. Cronin with a nice bit for his tenebrous masterpiece, *Hatter's Castle*.

The question is really what the Dundee folk of three generations made of the magnificent site granted to them by God, what sort of living-place they made of their town; and not even many Scotsmen could answer it with exactitude.

This is the city whose West End is at the East End; this the city that houses three parish churches under one roof. This is the constituency which, though now divided into two, returned to Parliament in quick succession personalities so diverse as Sir Winston Churchill, a Prohibitionist in the late Edwin Scrymgeour, Miss Florence Horsbrugh and, now, Mr. John Strachey. This is the community that not so long ago, and despite shrieks of protest from all over the United Kingdom, swept away a lovely old Town House by one of the Adam brothers to open up the approach to a public hall and municipal chambers which, though good enough, are simply far too big. The Caird Hall has accommodation for some 3,300 people, and it is rather more readily filled to capacity by a troupe of all-in wrestlers than by Menuhin.

But it is too easy to chalk up the black marks against Dundee's municipal past. It is fair to say that the city must have been rather badly governed over a long period of years. The glorious old Town House by William Adam was swept away, and there still remains near the docks, like a rotting molar in an aged person's gums, an almost fabulously ludicrous arch set up to commemorate Queen Victoria's visit to the city in 1844. It is perhaps a pity that it did not go down with the old Tay Bridge. . . . It is so easy to take swipes at Dundee, but let us consider calmly why those things should be so.

This city of the east, like Glasgow in the west, was early overwhelmed by the forces of the Industrial Revolution in their blackest array. It had long been engaged in the manufacture of coarse linen fabrics, such as canvas, sheetings and cordage. One mill which produced

(*Continued on following pages*)

On right—
COMMEMORATING QUEEN VICTORIA: The Royal Arch on the Shore Terrace near the Dundee docks. It was set up to commemorate Queen Victoria's visit to the city in 1844.

DUNDEE—CITY OF PROGRESS

THE CITY'S MODERNISED HIGH STREET : The view eastwards towards Murraygate and Seagate from the area of the west wing of Caird Hall. Although the City Centre has become more spacious, the old buildings which now serve more modern purposes have retained their personality.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUNDEE, THE PRIDE OF THE CITY'S SCHOLARS : The frontage of the College to Perth Road, in the West End of the city, with Dundee Medical School in the centre. University College, Dundee, was founded in 1881, and teaching began two years later. There are full degree courses in Arts, Medicine, Dentistry, Law and Engineering. At present the College is a part of the University of St. Andrew's, but there are strong local claims for independent university status. Meanwhile, plans for extensions are in hand.

(*Continued from previous page*)

the canvas for Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar still produces miles of the stuff for the Royal Navy of 1954. Then, when men found ways and means of processing the rough fibre of Indian jute, the heavy looms of Dundee were ready to take and shape it into such things as sacks and the bases of tarpaulins and carpets.

This was just the typical mid-Victorian "boom," but it meant all those things that are as familiar in England as in Scotland. Up went the "dark, satanic mills," and up went innumerable blocks of those flatted tenement buildings in which an older generation of Scots liked, or were obliged, to live. In came the cheap, willing labour forces, mainly Irish ; and the Celt, with all his personal charm, is apt to be a trifle casual in communal affairs. As distinct from patrician Edinburgh and aloof Aberdeen, the community at the mouth of the Tay tended to develop as another little Glasgow in the east ; and, frankly, it is nowhere easy in the modern Dundee, improved out of all knowledge within the past thirty years or so, as it has been, its face lifted by a series of brilliant operations, to escape the feeling that this was a place on which Victorian industrialism laid a terribly heavy hand.

The real interest of the Dundee of to-day is that it is a community, with a rich past in terms of Scottish history and then a rather bad past in terms of industrial history, now eagerly engaged in the business of pulling up its socks.

As even the amateur economist knows, the possession of a staple industry—such as cotton in Lancashire and jute in Dundee—is all very well in the good times, and not at all so good when the mysterious influences of international finance can overnight turn a boom into a slump, affecting a high proportion of the local population. Having too many eggs in one basket was precisely Dundee's trouble over a long period. It was in its day a famous harbour of the Arctic whalers. The big shipyard has always been there under one control or another. Even so, too many people had to depend on the prosperity of an industry that might at any moment be affected by such remote influences as a freight war among shipping companies or the tactics of Indian nationalists.

This was the problem the City Fathers started to tackle in earnest between the wars. Create an industrial estate ; build by-pass roads ; attract new industries to employ the surplus of those nimble-handed girls so well used to minding the huge looms in the mills. The pattern became familiar all over the United Kingdom during that period. It is cutting a long story short to report that the Second World War was, in the economic sense, a blessing for the city on Tayside. Large English firms engaged in the production of war materials were happy to set up factories where there were at once reasonable security from heavy bombing and a large pool of adaptable female labour. (The old soldier may be interested to know that Dundee was a prime producer of that useful factor in logistics, the jerrican). The industrial estate came into active urgent being.

A powerful American concern, dealing in the manufacture of the complex machinery of accountancy, set up their huge workshops on the north-west outskirts of the city. Modern housing schemes with bright gardens sprang up about them. And then the pride of modern Dundee, the by-pass road, magnificently christened Kingsway, was duly engineered to circumvent the old city and carry the motorist in a hurry towards the north without so much as a wave to the older Dundee on the other side of the hill.

Those of us who have known Dundee for a long time and like this orphan among Scotland's great cities, may be allowed to regret a little the division of the original community into two parts—as it were, a sort of Slough in the new development areas and a sort of Barking left by the waterside. What remains of the old city is so well worth seeing ; what Dundee is at the City Centre is so lively. Even the preposterous arch in honour of Queen Victoria by the dockside has taken on the bloom of a real period piece.

Now that the mists have cleared a bit, it is possible to see what the municipality was up to when it cleared away the Town House by Adam. They *might* have arranged for its re-erection elsewhere, but it is quite clear that they were budgeting for air and space and light in the heart of the old town. In this laudable task they succeeded. The City Centre of Dundee is a curiously compact, cheerful, airy bit of the modern world.

It starts at the western end with those three braw kirks under one roof. There were originally four in this rather remarkable group, but war, schism and fire duly reduced, in the good old Scottish way, the number of the holy places. This cruciform building, unique in its kind, is dominated by the Tower of St. Mary, more affectionately described by the Dundee folk as the Old Steeple ; and from its top, 156 ft. above ground, you may see the expanse and the innumerable extensions of the city and observe how benignly it presides over the lake-like estuary of the Tay, and how the view stretches away across rich farmlands to the low, sweet Sidlaw Hills and the arrogant Grampians, blue in the distance, behind them.

Here is history at one end of the City Centre of Dundee, and you have to walk only a few hundred yards along the High Street to see what the modern community has made of the place where the old Town House

(*Concluded on page ...*)

THE PANORAMA OF DUNDEE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TAY: A view of the city from Newport, Fifeshire, two miles away across the Firth. On the horizon at left are Balgay Hill and Park, and on the right are Cox's Stalk and the Law with the War Memorial. In the far distance are the Sidlaw Hills. This *Dundee Courier* picture gives a good idea of the remarkable position of Dundee, stretching for eight miles along the North bank of the Tay.

On right—

THE CITY OF DUNDEE AND ITS SATELLITES ACROSS THE FIRTH: A special diagrammatic map showing the industrial, social and cultural centres of Dundee. Across the Firth of Tay are the City's three dormitory towns of Tayport, Newport and Wormit.

THE OLD HIGH STREET, WITH THE TOWN HOUSE: The handsome frontage of the old Town House, which was pulled down to make way for the new City Square. The Town House, which was designed by William Adam and completed in 1734, was locally known as "The Pillars." It was a fine example of Adam architecture.

SUBURBAN DUNDEE, WITH ITS FINE BY-PASS: Kingsway West, near the Angus Ice Rink, is part of the fine new road which completely skirts the city. Much of the industrial development of Dundee since the war has been concentrated on the Kingsway area, where housing estates, as well as factories, have been built.

A GREAT FEAT OF ENGINEERING—THE TAY BRIDGE: A view by Aerofilms of the bridge which spans the Firth of Tay, with Dundee spread out in the background. Dundee and the Tay Bridge are inseparable. Over two miles in length, the bridge was built in 1887 at a cost of £670,000, and is on the direct East Coast railway route to King's Cross. The new bridge was built to replace the one destroyed in the disaster of 1879. On December 29 of that year, during a great storm, a passenger train carrying eighty people from Edinburgh to Dundee plunged into the Firth.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE PERTHSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE: A view from Kinnoull Hill, near Perth, of the valley of the River Tay. The country around Dundee, dotted with castles and rich in glens, adds to the pleasures of the city. The Tay Valley, between Dundee and Perth, is the object of a vast scheme of development and industrialization.

DUNDEE'S SUMMER PLAYGROUND: The beach and Castle Terrace at Broughty Ferry, about seven miles from the centre of Dundee. "The Ferry" was annexed by Dundee in 1913, and during the summer its beach is packed with families from the city. Broughty Ferry is also a pleasant residential suburb.

DUNDEE—CITY OF PROGRESS

(*Concluded from page 226*)

rested above its elegant *piazza*. Here now, in front of the modern, expensive Caird Hall, is an open place of a pleasant but definitely "modern" character, probably not such a place as the Adam brothers would have approved. It is much given over to the words, words, words of the politicians; and here on almost any evening, as at Hyde Park Corner, you may hear Communists, Scottish Nationalists of the more extreme orders, the odd Anarchist and plain Trade Unionists telling the world that all is not as it should be.

Round and about this highly-centralised area of a sizeable city, however, is a remarkable, perhaps unique, aggregation of good shops. The average house-keeping woman invariably adds to her impressions of Dundee the heartfelt epilogue: "It 's a wonderful shopping centre." The good merchants of the city were certainly pioneers, in Scotland at least, of the multiple store, and they can always count on the innumerable market gardens and poultry farms of the hinterland for steady supplies of fresh vegetables, fruit, eggs, honey, flowers and what-you-will in the way of country produce.

This is an aspect of the *genius loci* of Dundee too often forgotten by those who enjoy sniffing at its industrial features. It is, like Aberdeen, the capital of an extremely rich and pretty farming province. Westwards towards Perth stretches the fabulous Carse of Gowrie: so rich in its riparian soil, so carefully husbanded, and so lucky in terms of climate that few other regions of the British Isles are so productive per acre. Northwards and eastwards lies another vast stretch of farmland and fruit farm. The raspberry is an important crop in this part of the world; and Dundee, in consequence, makes jam in a big way. On a Saturday afternoon, when the cars and buses bring in the hairy men of the soil in their hairy suits, their buxom wives and their sun-browned children, the city suddenly ceases to be a place where they process jute, build ships and watch Association football and becomes a market town.

The extensions of the city proper have always tended eastwards along the shores of the Firth of Tay; hence the charming phenomenon of a West End at the East End. This was the expression of the natural urge to move outwards towards the sea and the sun. The Victorian well-to-do fixed their sights on Broughty Ferry, just a mile or two along the road past the docks.

This old ferry-town, now within the city boundaries of Dundee, is still in its original parts a rather attractive little seaside place, with a nice stretch of shingly beach and an old castle on a promontory, but Broughty Ferry is most remarkable for the size and solidity of the villas built by the wealth of Dundee on the slopes above the estuary—tons of solid sandstone, acres of garden, miles of gravelled drive and impenetrable forests of laurel and rhododendron. Victorian industrialism here created one of its most perdurable monuments.

THE CITY'S MAGNIFICENT CONCERT HALL: Caird Hall, on the southern side of the City Square, is named after one of Dundee's greatest benefactors, Sir James Caird. The Hall, which was opened in 1923, can accommodate 3,300 people, and has a fine concert organ.

MAKING JUTE—ONE OF DUNDEE'S MOST VITAL INDUSTRIES: A circular loom factory, where the tubular cloth, which is particularly suited for bag-making, is obtained. The manufacturing side of the United Kingdom jute industry is centred almost entirely around Dundee.

It is, nevertheless, a very pleasant place, and it looks pleasantly across the Firth of Tay, narrowing as it nears the North Sea, to the dormitory towns against the green hills of Fife on the other side—Tayport, Newport and Wormit. The eastern extensions proceed, however, into a region of sand-dunes where are many golf courses in the first class and the great Army training centre at Barry: culminating in the hazards of the Carnoustie links that gave even the great Ben Hogan himself quite a lot of material for thought.

In this land a small boy may learn to swing a club before he faces the intricacies of the A.B.C.; he will assuredly have learned to swim before he faces entrance to U.C.D. . . . University College, Dundee, has a history

CITY CHURCHES AND THE OLD STEEPLE: One of the churches and St. Mary's Tower in Nethergate. They are part of a remarkable group of buildings which take the shape of a cruciform, and which comprise three churches. They are St. Mary's Church, St. Paul's and St. Clement's.

A NATURAL HARBOUR IS A GREAT ASSET—THE DOCKS AT DUNDEE: Dundee has been a port since the earliest times, and the docks are under the jurisdiction of the city's own Harbour Trustees. Seaport facilities include direct services to North American and Continental ports. There are also services to other ports in the British Isles. Shipbuilding is another of the city's major industries, and the vessels built by the Caledon Shipbuilding and Engineering Company have given the Dundee shipyards a world-wide reputation.

OSS THE FIRTH OF TAY FROM DUNDEE: Wormit, one of the dormitory towns on the other side of the Tay Estuary. Behind lie the hills of Fife. Wormit claims to have been the first village in Scotland to have electric light.

THE SITE OF AN AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN DUNDEE: The Camperdown factory of the National Cash Register Company. It is one of the company's three factories on the Dundee Industrial Estate in the north-west outskirts.

E SMALL HARBOUR AT TAYPORT: On the other side of the Firth, where the Tay meets the North Sea, stands the township of Tayport. Its earlier name, Ferry-Port-on-Craig, refers to the ancient ferry port dominated by a cliff.

THE BUSY THOUGH PEACEFUL-LOOKING TOWN OF NEWPORT: A view of the town from Highfield, Wormit. Lying immediately opposite Dundee, Newport is the third of the dormitory towns across the Firth, and gives easy access to some of the finest golf courses in Britain. The ferry service between Newport and Dundee probably dates back to the fifteenth century.

out which it behoves the stranger to speak circumctly. It was originally the foundation of a local nity, housed in typically Victorian buildings towards e West End of the city. Its fate was to become a rt of the University of St. Andrews, and its status s been uneasy, to say the least of it, over a long period years. Local opinion, backed by a highly vocal ess, has demanded that U.C.D. should have separate iversity status; St. Andrews, the oldest of the four ottish universities, would have none of this upstart nsense. It has taken a Royal Commission and an t of Parliament to sort out a quarrel, in which there s been a lot of silliness on both sides, and it is best to ve it all *sub judice* in the meantime.

The episode remains strangely characteristic of ndee's position in the general Scottish set-up: a big, proud, powerful city that somehow lost the place during the years of Victorian expansion and now, pulling up its socks, as we have noted, demands its place in the sun. It still has the evil fortune to suffer, in the cultural sense, the hangover of the McGonagall cult.

This William McGonagall was a poor, half-wit native of the city who was ready at any moment to write and recite verses so bad that they were almost beautiful in their kind. He suffered much from *folie de grandeur*, and was much invited out to make an ass of himself, glorious in so-called Highland costume and invariably brandishing a claymore. He would give "readings" from Shakespeare, but he regarded his own verse as superior on the whole, thus:

> Beautiful new railway bridge of the silvery Tay,
> With your strong brick piers and buttresses in so grand array;
> And your thirteen central girders, which seems to my eye
> Strong enough all stormy winds to defy.
> And as I gaze upon thee my heart feels gay,
> Because thou art the greatest railway bridge of the present day. . . .

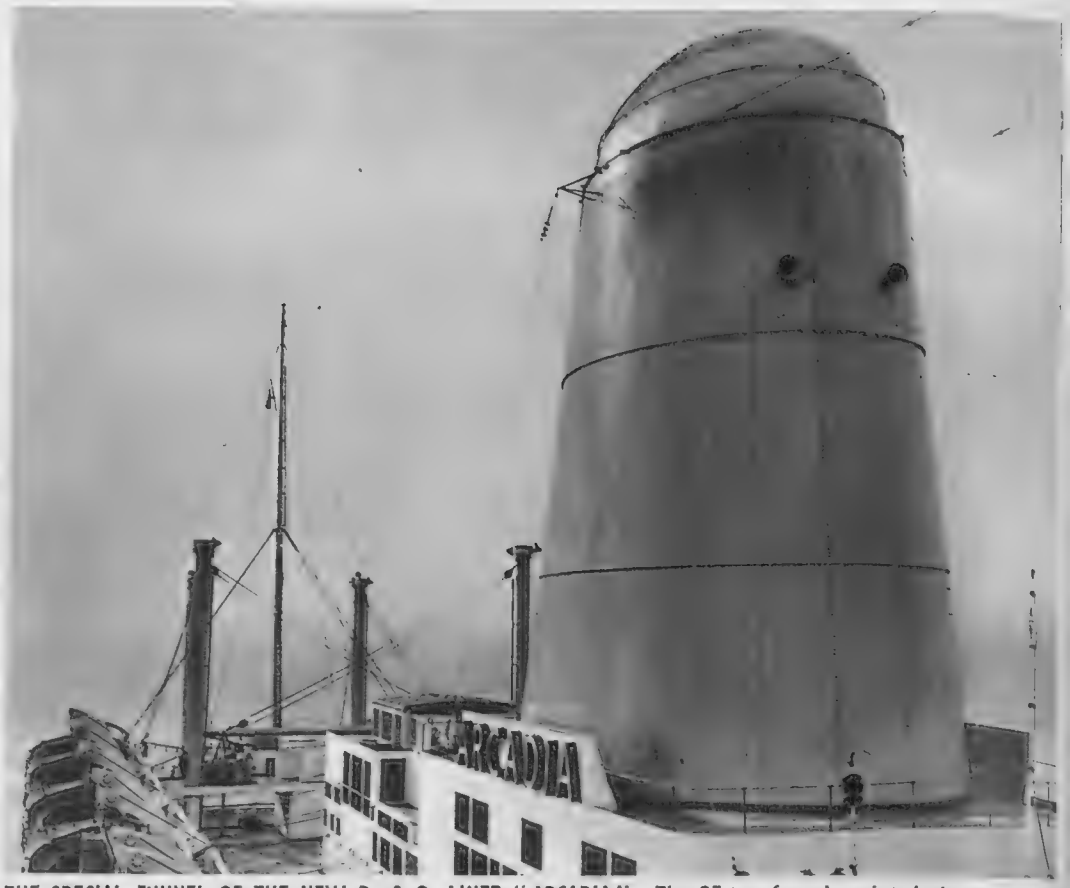
The reader is warned that not every verse attributed to the poet McGonagall was really his. University students and facetious journalists took a hand in adding to the canon. And if McGonagall is part of the Dundee legend, it is only as a diverting embroidery. The true *genius loci* of that city is as elusive as it is rich when discovered.

. *Many of the photographs in this special section are by Valentine, of Dundee, and the* Courier & Advertiser, *Dundee.*

AFLOAT AND AGROUND

"ARCADIA" PREPARES FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: SALVAGE ATTEMPTS ON THE "EMPRESS OF CANADA" AND THE "TERPSICHORE": H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD" ON HER SPRING CRUISE

ON THE ROCKS OFF GREECE: The 2,480-ton Panamanian steamer *Terpsichore* ran aground in a storm last month on the rocky beach of Skiathos Island; she was on passage from Salonika to the Piræus to take on cargo for Marseilles. The crew were all rescued from the wreck, but, despite salvage attempts by tugs, the *Terpsichore* was still aground last week.



THE SPECIAL FUNNEL OF THE NEW P. & O. LINER "ARCADIA": The 85-ton funnel, painted the customary P. & O. buff colour, is specially designed to carry fumes and smuts from the oil-fired boilers well away from the spacious games deck immediately below it. Otherwise, the *Arcadia* is externally very similar to the P. & O.'s *Himalaya*, which started service on the Australian run in 1949.

The 29,734-ton *Arcadia* is now at Tilbury being finally fitted out for her maiden voyage to Australia on February 22. Before leaving the Clyde the ship made her official speed trials: her average speed over the measured mile was 27.4 knots, more than 2 knots over her designed service speed.

The accommodation is for 679 first-class and 735 tourist-class passengers. A pleasant feature for first-class passengers is the wide observation lounge immediately below the navigating bridge; it occupies the full sweep of the curved bridge. In the room there are globes, a chart table, compass, gyro-repeater, and other navigational recording instruments, to keep passengers well posted on the ship's run.

Like the *Himalaya* and *Chusan*, the *Arcadia* has a system of double-distilling fresh water from sea water; it was invented by P. & O.'s superintendent engineer and produces 550 tons of drinkable fresh water per day. Although the equipment is heavy, it saves enough weight all round to enable the ship to carry an extra 1,700 tons of cargo. The *Arcadia* is also fitted with stabilisers similar to those in the *Chusan*, the first large passenger vessel to have them; these retractable fins reduce the roll in heavy seas from 14 to 2 degrees.

SALVAGING THE "EMPRESS OF CANADA" IN GLADSTONE DOCK, LIVERPOOL: The ship was gutted in January of last year and burned for 15½ hours before she capsized. On March 6 an attempt will be made to salve the hulk. Sixteen winches, drawing specially made 9-in. hawsers, will be used to haul her upright. The total cost of salving the liner is expected to be over £250,000; her scrap value is about £40,000.

H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD" IN THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS, PANAMA CANAL: H.M.S. *Sheffield*, wearing the flag of the C.-in-C. America and West Indies (Vice-Admiral J. F. Stevens), is now on her spring cruise of the area. *Sheffield*, a 6-in. cruiser, will be showing the flag at Havana, Vera Cruz, New Orleans and Houston (Texas), apart from her British West Indies ports of call.

DEPTFORD CREEK'S NEW BASCULE BRIDGE

The L.C.C.'s New Construction Replaces the Former War-Damaged Opening Bridge at a Vital Spot Near Greenwich

The old Deptford Creek Bridge was so badly damaged by enemy action in 1940 that it was rendered unusable as an opening bridge. As a temporary measure it was repaired for use as a fixed bridge, thereby restricting the navigation of the Creek to barges and very small vessels, and vehicular traffic was resumed on the Class I road which formed the main route from London Bridge to Greenwich on the south side of the river. After the war it was decided that a completely new bridge should be built, the approaches widened and the span of the bridge itself increased by 10 ft. to 70 ft.

In order to maintain road traffic and to make provision for the passage of larger vessels to the wharves upstream as soon as possible, it was necessary to provide a temporary opening bridge before demolition work on the thirty-year-old bridge could be begun. This was built on timber piles and consisted of a single leaf rolling bridge of steel construction having a span of 84 ft., and providing a 21-ft. carriageway.

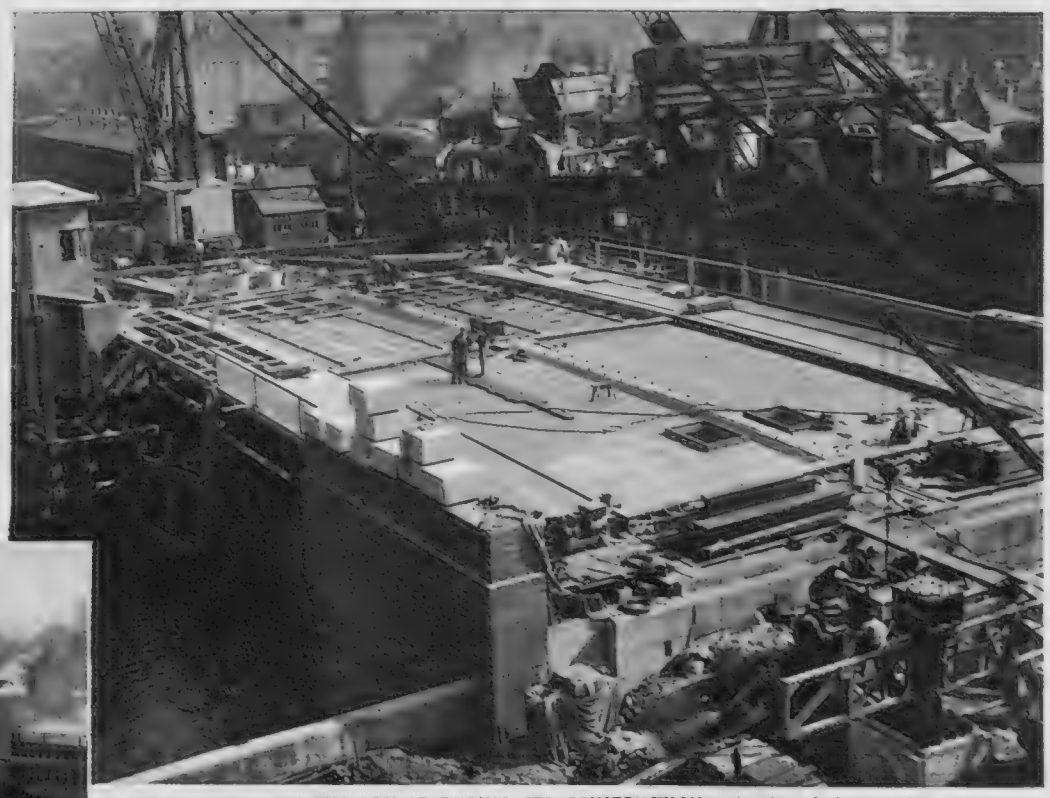
The new construction which now spans the entrance to the Creek is a double leaf rolling lift bridge of steel construction. Each leaf consists of a front arm comprising three main girders, cross girders and decking, spanning the Creek, and a rear arm of similar construction seated on quadrant girders on which the bridge rolls in raising and lowering. The machinery chambers and ballast boxes are located below the level of the roadway between the rear arms of each leaf, and these rear arms descend into pits in the abutments when the bridge is raised. The abutments are of mass concrete, partly faced with brickwork, and are carried down to 22 ft. below datum and supported on 185 reinforced concrete vertical piles, 85 on the west side and 100 on the east.

The bridge is operated by two 35 b.h.p. electric motors on each leaf, operating through a differential unit and driving two trains of gearing terminating in the main pinions which move along fixed racks, carried on trestles on the abutments. The east leaf is provided with two 5 b.h.p. motors to drive down both leaves through the last few feet of travel. Operation is through a master controller in the control cabin on the eastern abutment, and a visual indicator in the cabin shows the stages of operation. In the event of a power failure the bridge can be operated by auxiliary handgear.

THE NEW DOUBLE LEAF ROLLING LIFT BRIDGE OF STEEL CONSTRUCTION AT DEPTFORD CREEK : A vessel seen passing beneath a raised leaf of the new bridge which has been built by the London County Council to replace the earlier bridge damaged during the war. The clear span over the creek is 70 ft. and the length of each front arm is 39 ft. to the centre of roll. There are two 20-ft. carriageways, and two 12 ft. 6 in. footways. Although the bridge is in operation it has not yet been officially opened. The estimated cost of the construction of the bridge and its approaches is £425,000, but some of this will be reclaimed as war damage payment for the old bridge. The rest of the cost will be divided between the Ministry of Transport and the L.C.C.

THE BRIDGE IN ACTION : *Left*—The two leaves seen being raised, and, *on right*, a barge passing beneath the bridge. The total weight of each leaf is 482 tons, including 161 tons of counterweight in the ballast box. The new bridge can be raised and lowered in calm weather in three minutes.

PRELIMINARY WORK ON THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE : This was erected before the damaged bridge (no longer capable of being opened) could make way for the new construction.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE BRIDGE DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION : A view facing south-east taken in August, 1952, and, *on left*, a view taken twelve months later when part of the bridge was open to traffic. The bridge was constructed under the direction of Mr. J. Rawlinson, Chief Engineer of the L.C.C., and the main contractor was the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co., Ltd., who supplied and erected the steelwork and carried out the civil engineering work. The sub-contractor for the machinery was Sir Wm. Arrol and Co., Ltd.; the control gear was supplied by the Igranic Electric Co., Ltd., and the electrical installation work was carried out by W. J. Furze and Co. (London), Ltd.

The Last Days in New Zealand

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH JOURNEY TO THE EXTREME SOUTH OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE DEPARTING FOR AUSTRALIA

THE CHILDREN WAVE THEIR GREETING AS THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR, MR. W. J. HOPKINS, WALKS FROM THE RAILWAY STATION AT PALMERSTON, SOUTH ISLAND: This was one of the first events after the Royal visitors had left their week-end residence at Longbeach at the beginning of the last week of the Tour in New Zealand. *Above, on right*—A close-up of the Duke of Edinburgh as he poses for a woman with a camera. From Longbeach the Queen and the Duke drove to the seaside town of Timaru, then joined the Royal train for the rest of the 180-mile journey to Dunedin, stopping en route at Oamaru and Palmerston. Then on to Invercargill and eventually to Bluff, the most southerly port in the British Commonwealth, for the last farewells to "A great and united people," and the departure for Australia in the liner *Gothic*.

THE VISIT TO THE SEASIDE TOWN OF TIMARU: The Queen and the Mayor, Mr. R. E. White, seen walking along a path banked with flowers during the reception at Sound Shell. A prominent feature of the tour was the vast collection of flowers used in the decoration of the Royal route.

IN THE "SCOTTISH" CITY OF DUNEDIN: *Left*—The Queen, accompanied by Mr. S. G. Holland, the New Zealand Prime Minister, leaving the Town Hall after a concert, and, *on right*, waving to the crowds from the portico of the Municipal Chambers, where the civic reception was held. Dunedin, capital of the province of Otago and southernmost of the country's four main centres, was settled by colonists from Scotland, and still retains a strong Scottish atmosphere. There is a population of 96,000.

SAMOAN SCOUTS, VISITING THE SOUTH ISLAND FOR A JAMBOREE, GREET THE QUEEN AT TIMARU: The weather at this town was still quite warm, but as the Queen travelled further south the days grew colder, while at Bluff it was grey and overcast, reminiscent of the weather experienced at Auckland five-and-a-half weeks earlier.

A DISPLAY OF THE POPULAR SPORT OF WOODCHOPPING AT CARISBROOK, DUNEDIN: This was one of the events at the sports meeting, the biggest of the tour, held in chilly weather on the afternoon of the Queen's second day in Dunedin. The winner, J. L. Murray, a former New Zealand and Australian champion, is seen in action in the centre of this picture.

On left—
THE YOUNGEST CHILD TO PRESENT A BOUQUET DURING THE NEW ZEALAND TOUR: Two-and-a-half-year-old Maureen Lines, from the Presbyterian Child Hostel, receives a warm smile from Her Majesty during the reception at Gore. In this town the Queen lunched at the Women's Club Rooms.

THE LAST BIG CITY: At Invercargill, centre of the rich Southland province, the Queen and the Duke wave to the crowds from the balcony of the Grand Hotel. The highlight at Invercargill was the Southland Agricultural and Pastoral Show.

AS THE TOUR DREW TO ITS TRIUMPHANT CLOSE: *Left*—A wave to the people of Balclutha, and, *on right*, the Duke signs the Civic Book during the reception held in the main street of this small town, set in the midst of a fertile agricultural area. On the evening of January 29 the Queen broadcast her message of farewell to New Zealand, and then on the next morning the *Gothic* sailed to the accompaniment of Maori farewell songs, the playing of bands and the firing of saluting guns.

EXMOOR AS A NATIONAL PARK

265 Square Miles in Devon and Somerset, Rich in Literary Associations, Have Been Designated as Britain's Eighth National Park

"The finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw," said the poet Southey of the village of Lynmouth, now recuperating from the devastating floods of 1952. Lynmouth is one of the beauty spots within an area recently designated as a national park in an order signed by Sir Patrick Duff, chairman of the National Parks Commission. This area is about 265 square miles, of which 77 are in Devon and 188 in Somerset. It extends roughly from Ilfracombe to Minehead, and from the Bristol Channel to Bampton. The proposed Park's most important content is the heather-covered Exmoor Forest, still the home of wild ponies and red deer. Besides Lynmouth, the area comprises what has been described as the finest stretch of wooded coastline in the British Isles. It is also full of literary associations, and there are none stronger than those with R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Much of that novel is set in the pleasant Somerset village of Oare and the country surrounding it.

The order designating this stretch of Exmoor as a national park follows the suggestions made by the Hobhouse Committee. This Committee reported on the undeniable attractions that Exmoor has for the walker, motorist and angler, and further pointed out that it is best suited of all our proposed National Parks for riding holidays. The order differs in a few respects from the Committee's recommendations. The Quantock Hills were not made a part of the Exmoor National Park, and the village of Combe Martin, in Devon, was similarly excluded.

The order now goes before the Minister of Housing and Local Government for approval. There is, however, strong opposition to the Exmoor National Park from both the Devon and Somerset County Councils, and a public enquiry will probably be held. The two County Councils are responsible for the appointment of a joint planning authority to administer the park, or to form a joint advisory committee, if the designation takes effect. Both councils, however, argue that their powers under the 1947 Planning Act are adequate to administer the Exmoor area, if necessary in the form of two separate parks divided by the county boundary. Special provision, say the councils, is also made in the National Parks Act for the special treatment of areas of outstanding natural beauty. The National Parks Commission, on the other hand, argue that something more than ordinary county council administration was envisaged for specially chosen areas, and that the provisions for places of natural beauty were intended for much smaller areas. But whatever the outcome of this dispute, Exmoor can only gain by the recognition which has been given to its beauty and worth.

IN THE HEART OF THE "LORNA DOONE" COUNTRY, NOW PART OF THE DESIGNATED NATIONAL PARK: A typical Exmoor landscape looking southwards over the village of Oare, not far from Porlock. The quaint little perpendicular church was made famous in R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Lorna and Jan Ridd were married there, and Lorna was shot at the altar.

THE CHARMING BAY AT PORLOCK, IN SOMERSET: The bay seen from Porlock Hill, which is included in the area of the National Park. Porlock is one of the most picturesque of West Country townships. Southey has paid tribute to the town, enclosed on three sides by the heather slopes of Exmoor, but open to the sea in front.

ONE OF THE WEST COUNTRY BEAUTY SPOTS ALREADY PRESERVED FOR THE NATION: A view of the charming village of Selworthy, looking towards Dunkery Beacon, which, at 1,707 ft., is the highest point on Exmoor. The village is noted for its fine old church, a fifteenth-century tithe barn, and the almshouses known as Selworthy Green. This part of Exmoor already belongs to the National Trust.

THE WATERSLIDE IN THE DOONE VALLEY: Another link with *Lorna Doone* on Exmoor. Nor far from Oare is Malmsmead, where the Oare Water joins the Bagworthy Water, which for some distance constitutes the boundary between Devon and Somerset.

A NEW COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT

The Assembly of the Central African Federation, whose First Session was Opened in Southern Rhodesia by the Governor-General

LOOKING AT CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION FROM THE OUTSIDE: Africans in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, standing outside the House of Assembly, where the first session of the Federal Parliament of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland was opened by the Governor-General, Lord Llewellin.

The Central African Federation became more firmly established when the Governor-General opened its first parliamentary session in Salisbury. With the opening of Parliament, Lord Llewellin handed over all his normal powers to the Government of Sir Godfrey Huggins. The new Assembly, to which the Prime Minister is now responsible, has thirty-five members, of whom twenty-seven are members of Sir Godfrey's Federal Party. There is only one declared opponent of the Federal Party, and there are six African members of the House, and three Europeans chosen to watch over African interests.

A GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL: Lord Llewellin inspecting the guard of honour mounted by the 1st Battalion, Royal Rhodesia Regiment. Accompanying the Governor-General is the guard commander, Captain A. G. Macpherson, and behind him is Major-General S. Garlake.

LORD LLEWELLIN READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE: A view of the Chamber in the Parliament building in Salisbury during the Governor-General's speech. The Chamber, that of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament, has been temporarily lent to the Federal Parliament.

LEAVING THE CHAMBER AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY: The procession, led by the Governor-General, leaving the Central African Federal Assembly.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S DEPARTURE: Lord Llewellin leaving the Assembly Chamber. He is followed by Commander J. P. P. Michell, Comptroller of the Household, and Major P. W. Hodgens, an aide-de-camp.

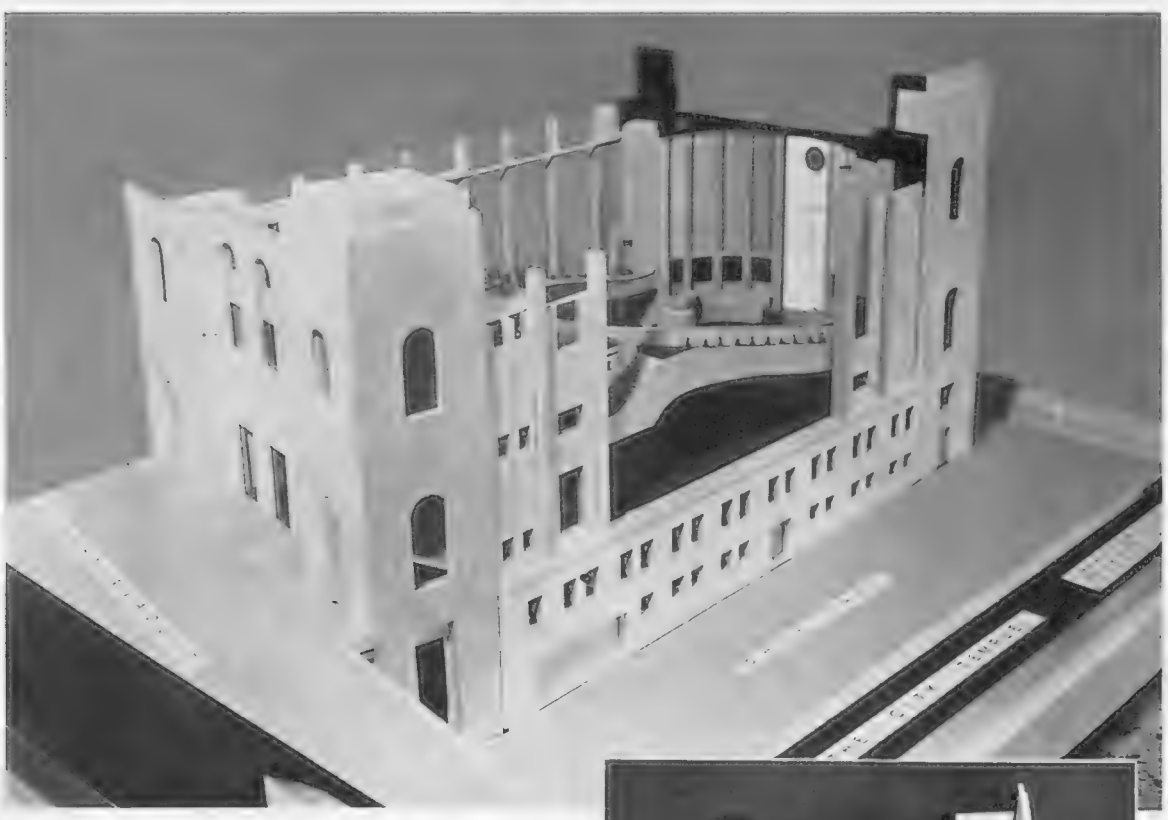
THE PARLIAMENT'S FIRST SPEAKER IS SWORN IN BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL: Lord Llewellin congratulating Mr. Ian Wilson after he had been sworn in as the first Speaker of the Federal Assembly. In the foreground, left, can be seen Major L. E. Creasy, the Serjeant-at-Arms, and on his left stands Colonel G. E. Wells, who is the acting Clerk of the House of Assembly.

MAINLY FROM LONDON

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS AT HOME

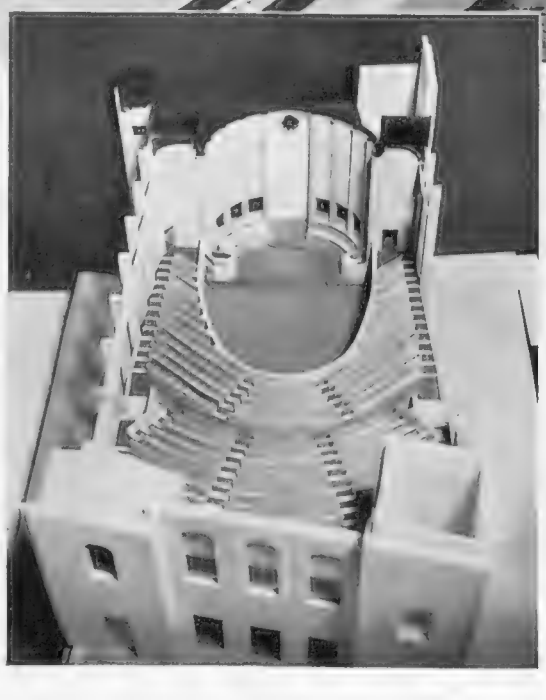
WORK GOES AHEAD IN SOHO SQUARE—WHAT WAS A JUNGLE OF UNDERGROWTH AND WEEDS GIVES WAY TO PAVING-STONES AND FLOWER BEDS : Soho Square, which was originally laid out in 1681 on land belonging to the Duke of Monmouth, a son of Charles II, was, at the beginning of the war, ruthlessly torn up for the building of air-raid shelters, and not until about three months ago was anything done to restore it to its former beauty. Now, work is proceeding apace, and it is hoped that the Square will have received its "new look" by the beginning of summer. Already, weeds have been taken away, and flag-stones, which are being arranged in a pattern, laid down, with ample space for flower-beds. The small building in the middle of the Square is, in fact, a ventilation shaft for a London Electricity Board installation.

CATS KEEP WARM AT THE CAT SHOW : The Siamese cat Komen, owned by Mrs. Derry of Harrow, is seen wearing a thick scarf during the Southern Counties Cat Show held at the Horticultural Hall. This was the fiftieth championship to be held by the club, which has been steadily gaining in popularity and membership during recent years, and at this year's show there were nearly 400 cats on view. As the championship was held during the recent cold spell, the aristocrats of the cat world were well wrapped up, and the variety of "clothes" worn by the cats was one of the features of the show.



Above and on right—

THE MODEL OF THE NEW CITY TEMPLE : An appeal for £300,000 to rebuild the City Temple on Holborn Viaduct was launched recently at a Lord Mayor's luncheon at the Mansion House. The new building was designed by Lord Mottistone, of the architectural firm of Seeley and Paget. There will be three floors to the new building : on the ground floor an assembly hall seating 800, which could be used for public meetings, theatrical productions and cinema performances ; above it the church, with room for a congregation of 1,500 ; and on the top floor offices and committee rooms. As much as possible of the old building will be included in the new one ; only the outer walls of the old building survived the bombing of spring 1941. The classical façade of the old building will still face Holborn Viaduct, but added to it will be a sculptured figure of Christ with arms outstretched between central pillars. An apse will be formed at the east end, where a large cross will surmount the altar table. Part of the roof will be covered with copper, and cedar of Lebanon will be used for much of the interior decoration. The appeal for funds to rebuild will be a world-wide one ; of the £300,000 needed, £120,000 will come from the War Damage Commission. The Lord Mayor promised that the City Corporation would do all it could to help the appeal, and Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, minister of the City Temple, said that the rebuilt church, he believed, would again make the nonconformist conscience the vital factor it had been in the past.



A WORTHY PRIZEWINNER AT THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CAT SHOW : Fidelio of Allington, owned by Miss E. Langston, which was awarded a prize for being best kitten in the show. It was also runner-up for the best exhibit.

A PRIZEWINNER DETERMINED TO KEEP OUT THE COLD : This is Sunset, owned by Miss N. Cotton and Miss J. Beech, which won a prize in the short-haired class at the show.

Above and on right—

A SABRE JET TRAINER FOR CANADA: Air Commodore Martin Costello, Air Member Joint Canadian Staff, London, receives from Mr. Paul Adorian (in the picture on the *right*) a Sabre flight simulator built by his firm. It is the first of ten; they are electrically operated to simulate actual flight. Almost any navigational problem or emergency can be fed into the instruments and controls, thus presenting a trainee pilot with difficulties he might encounter in the air.

M.P.s FIRE THE NEW BELGIAN F.N. RIFLE: Before the House of Commons discussed the Government's decision to adopt the Belgian rifle as the standard British infantry weapon, fifteen members went to Inglis Barracks rifle range at Mill Hill to try it out. Mr. Jack Jones (Labour, Rotherham) is firing it from a prone position; standing behind him are Major H. R. Spence (Conservative, Aberdeen West) and Major E. A. H. Legge-Bourke (Conservative, Isle of Ely). Mr. I. Harvey (Conservative, Harrow East) is firing from a standing position. Later, the House approved the Government's preference of the Belgian rifle to the British E.M.2 by 266 votes to 232.

A GERMAN PRESIDES OVER THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT'S ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IN LONDON: Herr Herman J. Abs, a fifty-one-year-old German banker who is known in his country as a brilliant economist, presided over a three-day conference on the problems of European trade with Commonwealth countries. Seen with Herr Abs are (left to right) Mr. E. Beddington-Behrens, Deputy Chairman of the Conference; M. Paul-Henri Spaak and Mr. L. S. Amery.

DELEGATES TO THE EUROPEAN ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IN CHURCH HOUSE: Sir Winston Churchill sent a message of welcome to the delegates, saying that it was most encouraging to see the progress made by the idea of United Europe since the movement was started at The Hague Congress of 1948. The 216 delegates, representing 28 countries, discussed ways and means of strengthening the economic ties between the Commonwealth and European countries and their overseas dependencies. A final resolution affirmed that such an economic link-up was a necessary condition of achieving the highest level of general well-being in the world as a whole.

ANOTHER FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MURAL IS UNCOVERED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON: One of the murals, which is thought to be of the Virgin Mary, recently uncovered in a room in the Byward Tower. The first murals were discovered at the end of last year in a room over the main archway in the Byward Tower, which was being redecorated. When plaster was taken from the walls, part of the mural was seen, and the Ministry of Works took over, uncovering parts of a picture which is now thought to be a version of the "Last Judgement." Mr. Henley Blake, a Ministry restorer, has now uncovered some more murals in the same room.

On left—

TELEVISION ENROLS A DUCHESS: The Duchess of Rutland seen with producer Richard Afton (left) at Lime Grove Studios. The Duchess was in the programme *Quite Contrary*, and appeared on the screen as a "typical English beauty." Just over three months ago Viscountess Boyle made her debut on television, and is now established as a firm favourite in the parlour game *The Name's the Same*. After her recent appearance, television critics have predicted a similar success for the Duchess of Rutland.

CONSTRUCTION CRITICISMS AND A RALLY REVIEW

Dealers Complain About the Finish of British Cars; the World's Finest Sporting Event for the Private Motorist is in Danger of Becoming a Farce

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

FRIENDS in the motor trade keep telling me that the finish of British cars is not as good as it was. Their complaint involves not only the way in which the cellulose—or whatever it is—is put on, but also the manner in which screws are put in and nuts tightened (or not tightened).

This is a serious matter. It cannot be airily dismissed with the remark that "they are isolated examples, old chap." For these criticisms have come from a number of reputable dealers, operating in different parts of the country.

What is the reason, I wonder? Is it a hangover from the days when car manufacturers had virtually sold every car they built before it had left the assembly line? In other words, are the car builders—and their high-pressure mass-production methods—to blame?

Or are the British workmen the culprits? After inquiries I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the average workman in Britain's car factories lacks the high pride in his workmanship that he used to have.

They will have to do something about this Monte Carlo Rally, you know. What was once the world's finest sporting event for the private motorist has become a bit of a farce. Last month's Rally demonstrated once again that to have any chance of winning you must be a racing driver in a factory-prepared car with a co-driver who is a top-grade mathematician, expert map-reader and trained stop-watch manipulator.

The weather was so kind to Rally drivers this year that only very few were penalised for being late at any of the controls, and the Rally results, therefore, depended entirely on the performances put up in the eliminating tests.

There were two of these. There was a speed and regularity test over the last 165 miles of the Rally route, between Gap and Monte Carlo, and there was a "round the houses" speed and performance test on the 1.9-miles Monaco Grand Prix circuit through the streets of Monte Carlo two days after the competitors got there.

In the speed and regularity test the big thing was to go up over the Col de Leques, near Castellane, as fast as you possibly could. But whatever your speed, you also had to average the same pace over three other road sections: one *before* the Col de Leques and two after. And all the sections were of different lengths.

No wonder the best performance in this test was put up by Louis Chiron, a native of Monte Carlo and former car-racing champion of the world! For Louis knows almost every stone and every tree up over the Col and had unrivalled opportunities to practise over the whole 165 miles of this test—in all kinds of weather.

Although Britain's Stirling Moss went over the Col in his Sunbeam-Talbot faster than Chiron, the Monegasque gained more points in the whole test because his regularity was better. And he put up the fastest time, in his 2½-litre Lancia, in the "round the houses" test. And he won the Rally (subject to confirmation).

Although Chiron won largely because of his valuable local knowledge, it was a victory enthusiastically acclaimed by most of the British competitors, for Louis is a popular driver, and they knew that it was one of his biggest ambitions to win the Monte Carlo Rally: one of few honours in motor sport that had so far eluded him.

But a cloud descended on his triumph in the form of a protest by a French competitor driving an Alfa-Romeo, who alleges that the Italian firm of Lancia had not built 500 cars of the model used by Chiron. His protest was thrown out by the Rally organisers, but the Alfa driver has appealed, and the matter probably won't be decided until March or April.

Britain missed her chance of completing the "hat trick," and, in fact, had a bad Rally, though we carried off the team prize (won by Sunbeam-Talbot for the second year running), and picked up most of the prizes in the Concours de Confort.

I must say I have a great deal of sympathy for the views put forward in a letter to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* by a reader of that paper, who writes: "Unless the 'Monte Carlo' is to deteriorate to a farce, the regulations should be radically revised.

"If professional Rally-ists wish to take part, they should do so in a class of their own. Otherwise, the Rally should be open only to standard cars exactly conforming to normal catalogue specifications. . . . Factory-sponsored cars should run in a separate class, but the overall winner should be declared only from the amateur class driving strictly standard vehicles."

The writer of this well-reasoned letter also suggests that the route should be varied from year to year, that the controls should not be more than 100 miles apart, and that there should be strict penalties for excessive average speeds.

Most motorist readers of THE SPHERE will agree heartily with Lord Lloyd, Under-Secretary at the Home Office, when he says there are undoubtedly many stretches of road where to the ordinary citizen it seemed ridiculous to have a speed restriction.

Lord Lloyd said this in a short debate in the House of Lords on the general question of the speed limit and its enforcement. But have you come across anything more vague or cautious than the statement which followed? He said the Minister of Transport was at present *considering the possibility* of initiating a review of all the areas subject to the 30 m.p.h. limit *with the intention* of making improvements.

The italics are mine! The Minister has not initiated this "review," mark you. He's merely considering the possibility of doing so! Yet there is hope in the remark of Lord Lloyd that "the problem would not be solved until the restricted roads appeared to be reasonable to any sensible motorist." And so say all of us! The average motorist would pay much more attention to the 30 m.p.h. limit if it were applied only where danger exists.

I was interested to read about the first public demonstration of an American turbo-car. It is further proof that U.S. car firms are looking very seriously into the possibility of harnessing the gas turbine to the automobile. And it is a reminder that just as the U.S. has overtaken Britain in certain aspects of high-speed jet flight, so the lead established by Britain with the Rover Turbocar could be snatched away from us.

The U.S. turbocar to which I am referring is the Firebird, built by the great General Motors organisation. It represents a very different approach to the turbocar problem from that followed by our own Rover Company, who, in effect, put their gas turbine in the rear boot of an ordinary Rover.

General Motors have produced a vehicle which, at first sight, looks like an aeroplane. It has aero-dynamic streamlining and General Motors themselves say that it owes much to a U.S. naval aircraft—the Skyray. There are air braking "flaps" on the trailing edges of the "wings."

No performance figures for this experimental turbocar have been released, but General Motors make no secret of the fact that their turbine develops 370 b.h.p., and that at peak power output the compressor spins at 26,000 r.p.m. and the power turbine at 13,300.

The Rover Company is believed to have succeeded in producing a turbine with the conveniently low peak b.h.p. of less than 120. It is not surprising, I suppose, that in a country where piston-engined cars develop over 200 b.h.p., they are happy—for the time being at any rate—with a car turbine of nearly double that power.

The road accident figures for 1953 made distressing reading. The number of deaths was 5,070—an increase of 364 over 1952. In other words, thirteen people were killed every day—on the average—on the roads of Britain, compared with only twelve in 1952. *Only* twelve! How heartless we get when dealing with cold, hard statistics. *Only* twelve! The figure could include *your* wife, mother, son. Think of that when next you are inclined to get irritated by another driver and put on speed "just to show him!"

Now don't write in to accuse me of laying the blame for these accidents at the motorist's door. I'm not saying that at all. I realise that pedestrians, cyclists and other road users must take their share of the guilt. I realise, too, that our inadequate roads are partly responsible. But the motor-car is a particularly lethal "weapon" and should accordingly be handled with care. There is little consolation for a motorist who has run over a child to be able to tell the coroner: "I was doing only thirty and the poor little chap ran straight off the pavement in front of me." Motorists have a duty to guard against the mistakes of others as well as trying to avoid making any themselves.

The total number of road casualties in 1953 was 226,520. That is nearly 9 per cent. more than the 1952 total. Yet to keep the evil in perspective it should be remembered that the 1953 total is still 2,000 fewer than the figure for 1935. And—as Lord Lloyd pointed out in the Lords debate to which I referred earlier—the number of vehicles on the roads of Britain has more than doubled since then.

Mr. R. Gresham Cooke, Director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, was able, the other day, to announce a record output of 595,000 cars by the British motor industry in 1953. This figure compares with 448,000 in 1952, 476,000 in 1951 and 522,000—the previous record—in 1950.

Although output was higher, exports declined from 309,800 in 1952 to 302,000 last year—an excellent result in view of all the difficulties—and Mr. Gresham Cooke uttered this grim warning: "World trading conditions will become sharper and fiercer in the next twelve months. There are difficulties ahead and the great problem facing the industry is how to keep costs down."

ITALY'S MINIATURE CAR: A procession of four Isetta cars seen passing through Rome after delivery from the factory. Costing approximately £270, the car is said to be capable of a speed of 53 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption of 93 m.p.g. The 200-c.c. engine is situated at the back, while the single door is in the front. The steering column hinges back to allow the three passengers to enter. A similar 2-seater car was displayed at last year's Turin International Motor Show.

A DERELICT AMBULANCE BECOMES A MOBILE HOME: Captain T. Lipsey, standing on the rear observation platform of this former Austin 2-ton ambulance, points out the roof water tank while his wife talks to representatives of Car Mart Limited, who had just completed a mechanical overhaul of the vehicle. Captain Lipsey, who recently set out on a 12,000-mile drive from London to Accra, bought the old ambulance in a derelict condition and converted it into its present habitable state, complete with running water and electric light, in four weeks. He and his wife will use it not only as a mobile home, but also as a permanent residence in Accra, where the owner will operate an aircraft testing business. The route to Accra is by way of Belgium, France, Spain, Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, Palestine, Kenya, Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo and Nigeria, and then on to the Gold Coast. Captain Lipsey, a flier of long experience, has been a film stunt pilot in Hollywood, a test pilot for two well-known British aircraft manufacturers, and a transport pilot for Pan-American Airways.

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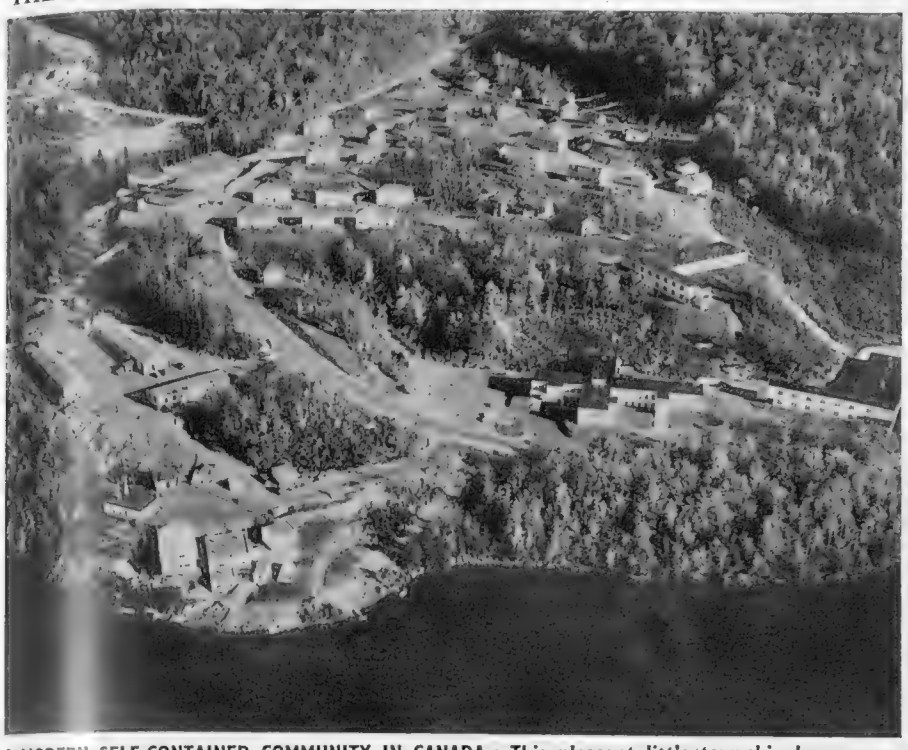
THE RESIDENTIAL AREA OF A SECRET RADAR STATION



A MODERN SELF-CONTAINED COMMUNITY IN CANADA : This pleasant little township has sprung up near a Royal Canadian Air Force radar site. "Somewhere in Canada" is the description of the location of these buildings, which are as up-to-date as the work on which their occupants are engaged. The personnel at the radar station have comfortable barracks, well-stocked mess halls and excellent recreational facilities. Cut off as they are from the outside world, they have established for themselves a pleasant self-sufficient community.

THE PRESIDENT ATTENDS A "RED MASS"

MR. EISENHOWER LEAVES ST. MATTHEW'S CATHEDRAL : The President with Archbishop O'Boyle of Washington, after attending, with Mrs. Eisenhower, the Roman Catholic Votive Mass of the Holy Spirit, which was conducted by the Archbishop. The service is popularly known as a Red Mass because of the colour of the vestments worn by the celebrants. It is said to have been originated in Europe more than 700 years ago to mark the opening of the terms of the Law Courts. President Eisenhower, who is a Presbyterian, is the first President ever to have attended such a Mass, though both President Wilson and President Taft attended Roman Catholic services. Mr. Eisenhower took no actual part in the service, remaining seated, with his head bowed, while Roman Catholic members of the congregation knelt. But he and Mrs. Eisenhower stood with the rest of the congregation when this was dictated by the ritual. At the end of the service the Auxiliary Bishop, John M. McNamara, of Washington, read a prayer written in 1790 and delivered for the first time at the inauguration of George Washington.

YET ANOTHER COELACANTH

A COELACANTH IN PARIS : A member of the Paris Museum of Natural History seen examining a fish, which, until recently, was thought to have vanished from the earth many thousands of years ago. The first intimation that modern man had that the fish still existed on the earth was in 1938, when one was caught off the coast of the Comoro Islands. Unfortunately, many vital internal organs had decayed by the time that scientists were able to examine the prehistoric fish. Then again, just before Christmas 1952, another was caught in the same area, and was handed to scientists in a good state of preservation. Since then, it appears that the natives have become aware of the value of the fish and, instead of selling it in the local markets, now sell to scientists, and recently several excellent specimens have been handed to various scientific bodies for careful examinations to be made.

"I MUST PLOUGH MY LONELY FURROW ALONE"

A TANKER ON THE ICE-BOUND HUDSON RIVER : During the severe frosts on America's eastern seaboard, particularly around New York, the Hudson River was frozen for long stretches. Here a tanker is seen ploughing her way through ice between Hook Mountain Park and Groton Point. In her wake she leaves a clear lane of water. Icy winds from Canada had brought temperatures down to 25 degs. below freezing point and ice-breakers were called out to clear a way on many parts of the Hudson. Conditions on the river were especially bad north of New York City, and right up to the New York State capital of Albany river traffic was brought to a standstill for a number of days. As in Europe, the snowfall and the frost on the east coast were the heaviest for some years.

MUD IN CALIFORNIA

On left—

THE RESULT OF RAINSTORMS ON AMERICA'S WEST COAST : A motor-car passing through a narrow lane which had been cleared through an avalanche of mud in Sierra Madre, California. During a night of heavy storms the mud poured down on the main road from the mountain slopes which had only recently become denuded by bush fires. The highway maintenance crews who cleared the road piled the mud more than 10 ft. high on either side of the lane. The great west coast rainstorm, which lasted over 48 hours, came at the same time as New York was in the grip of its deep freeze.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

COOKING IN ROYAL KITCHENS

A Fascinating Story by M. Gabriel Tschumi, Who Prepared Meals for a Succession of English Monarchs; and Other New Publications

IN the cold and often extremely cheerless season between New Year festivities and Easter, with its promise of open weather, one is apt to think sometimes of sunshine, or of improbable frivolities, or simply of the kind of good food that people appear to have eaten by the table-load in the old days. Of course, nowadays, one reflects with only the slightest tinge of hypocrisy, I really wouldn't be able to eat a ten-course dinner; wouldn't need a sorbet in the middle of it; couldn't possibly tackle game *and* meat, and would be repelled by the use of forty eggs in one recipe.

Nevertheless, recipes and menus of that kind make fascinating reading, as any keen student of Mrs. Beeton's great work will tell you, and when a distinguished chef writes about the menus he has composed and the food he has devised and cooked for a succession of English monarchs, then, as reading matter alone, it is perfectly irresistible. ROYAL CHEF (Kimber. 16s.) is a book of memoirs by M. Gabriel Tschumi, a native of Lausanne, who started his apprenticeship as a boy of sixteen in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace, Balmoral and Windsor in Queen Victoria's household, and retired in 1952 from the post of Royal chef to Queen Mary.

I found the volume quite fascinating and by no means only for the lists of sumptuous dishes, for M. Tschumi must have a prodigious memory and remembers not only the ingredients for some of the most elaborate things he has cooked, but anecdotes that have both relevance and the authentic Royal touch.

THROWING THE DICE AT GUILDFORD, SURREY: Miss Grace Mitchell, watched by Miss Louise Pope, and by the Chairman of the Guildford Municipal Charities, Mr. H. V. Jeffery, takes part in the ceremony instituted in 1674 by John How. He left £400 in his will, saying that each year two maidservants living in the town should throw dice for the interest (£11 19s.), winner to take all. In 1702, John Parsons also left money with a similar provision, so this interest (£12 1s. 6d.) goes to the loser of the How Charity. This year the score was Miss Mitchell 6, Miss Pope 7.

THE GOLDEN HONEYCOMB (Hart-Davis. 16s.) seems to follow fairly naturally as a title, but that is all, for this first work of Mr. Vincent Cronin's is concerned neither with food nor specifically with royalty, since it is a study of Sicily, as it is and as it has been formed by the centuries. As for the honeycomb itself, offered by Dædalus to Aphrodite in thanksgiving, this may have been legend or fact, and if the former, then Mr. Cronin has a theory or two which might account for it, including one that the offering of honey has a ritual significance, and another that a honeycomb symbolises working in gold or in golden colours. The author's journeyings round Sicily, however, have been made in a spirit of scholarly inquiry into the religion of the country, the arts and crafts of the country, and, above all, the look of the country which he has in some of his descriptive passages managed to convey to the reader with great vividness. As for the dozen photographs which illustrate the book, the panoramic one reproduced on the jacket can truly be called magnificent.

Mr. Lewis Cotlow went considerably further afield to collect the material for his book, as you may judge from the title. AMAZON HEAD-HUNTERS (Robert Hale. 18s.) is as direct as its title, too: the account of three expeditions made towards the source of the Amazon by the author, a New York insurance broker who has taken considerable time out from his business in order to travel all over the world and, in the case of his first visit to Africa, make a successful film about it. The present book is written in a crisp, no nonsense kind of style, the manner that one might expect, in fact, from a man with such an adventurous spirit and such an unconventional acceptance of very odd ways of life. For the main goal of Mr. Cotlow's voyage of discovery was the investigation of the Jivaro Indians, and they are the gentlemen who are still taking a lively interest in the hunting and afterwards the shrinking of human heads. And there was always the possibility, of course, that they might decide that Mr. Cotlow's was a prize specimen. It is not surprising to learn that the author is a past-president of the Adventurers' Club.

Mr. Cecil Roberts' new book hovers in a distinguished but unclassifiable way between the book of travel and the work of fiction, for THE REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is not only a romance based on the last days of John Keats in Rome and an absorbing (and romantic) reconstruction of his devoted friend, Joseph Severn's career, but a kind of guide book to the topography, history and down-the-ages gossip of the perfectly named Eternal City. On any of these counts, this is an absorbing book, and the story of Keats, and Severn, the Countess of Westmorland and her ward, Elizabeth Montgomerie, whom Severn was later to marry, is played out against the rich, baroque background of a Rome still enlivened by Bonapartes while Napoleon was dying on St. Helena, and still decorated by all those English aristocrats who, for one reason or another, found the Roman climate healthy.

The evident authenticity of Mr. Roberts' historical detail is, naturally, one of the charms of the book, and one's only complaint might be that it diverts one from the slender chain of Severn's career, love and marriage, on which it is all strung.

LITTLE HEYDAY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) tells of a single summer day on an English farm, not far from Hull, and of no more critical events than the engagement of a farmer's daughter, the shooting of an old mare with a broken leg, and the regular work of the land and the house. That is ostensibly, but, in fact, it is also the day on which a sensitive little boy comes to his own inarticulate terms with life, the day on which his mother takes steps towards divorce, and his favourite aunt proves herself a rock of constancy and love. It is also the day on which Prinzip murders the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and precipitates the First World War, but even the shadow of those events is remote from the idyllic setting of Mr. Hubert Nicholson's characters and their story, seen as clearly and minutely as through a drop of spring water.

England before that war is also the subject of Mr. Ernest Raymond's novel, TO THE WOOD NO MORE (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), which deals with an equally localised spot, though over a longer period of time. St. John's Wood is the place and the time is Edwardian. Mr. Raymond writes of an unctuous clergyman who, after twenty-seven years spent as parson to the same parish, learns of the death of his older brother and of his own inheritance of a fortune and a baronetcy. Hence the move to those polite purlieus, the summary leaving of the ministry and the modest launching out into the society of what is now N.W.8.

This is a good-humoured book and a kindly one, in spite of its frequent flashes of extremely acute observation which teeter on the brink of the malicious without ever sliding down into it.

LUCKY JIM (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Kingsley Amis, is the oddest of novels; occasionally very funny—quite funny enough to make one laugh aloud—too often prolix, and sometimes rather schoolboyish in the least attractive sense of that word, but generally worth reading. Jim, who for the greater part of the book is the least lucky individual you could wish to meet, is attached to the history department of a North Country university, but only on probation, and his academic life alternates between frantic attempts to ingratiate himself with his superiors, on whom his reappointment naturally depends, and a series of equally frantic *gaffes*.

During the war one of the few and certainly one of the most moving literary expressions to come from Occupied France was *Le Silence de la Mer*, by a writer calling himself Vercors. BORDERLINE (Macmillan. 11s. 6d.) is another story by Vercors, translated by Rita Barisse, and concerning the discovery, in New Guinea, of creatures who seem to be half-man and half-ape, a kind of Missing Link. In this satirical tale, the author has a good deal of intellectual fun with the theory of their definition and, one of them having been painlessly killed, stages a murder trial, in London this time, as the testing ground. Always intelligent, and once or twice diverting.

M. John Knittel is in himself one of the most interesting of contemporary writers. He is Swiss, has written all his books in English, and after an apprenticeship in a Lombard Street bank and a Wardour Street film company, has spent many years of his life in North Africa, possibly on the advice of his life-long friend, Robert Hichens. He now lives among the mountains and forests of Switzerland, has been three times Swiss golf champion, and spends his time writing, riding and fishing. His new novel, JEAN-MICHEL (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), is set among the vineyards of French North Africa, and is a study of a father, "French, in spite of being Algerian," and his problems with his son and daughters. A thoughtful and honest book, and to know something of the man who wrote it seems to me to add to its interest.

The EDITOR *has received the following letter, in connection with a review published on this page on January* 30.

DEAR SIR,

Your review of the book "MARRIAGE IS MY BUSINESS," by Heather Jenner, concluded with the sentence:

"The book is often very funny, sometimes horrifying, but never shocking, and it would be interesting to know why the publishers put that particular kind of drawing on its jacket."

The reproduction on the jacket is of a drawing of Miss Heather Jenner by Feliks Topolski. Any further comments would enter into a discussion of Mr. Topolski's art, the character of which is widely known.

Yours faithfully,
W. T. KIMBER.
Chairman, William Kimber & Co., Limited.

ACCENT ON DETECTION

Medical and Criminal Researchers at Work

Detection and mystery form the subject of three new volumes which command attention this week, but the two that deal with crime are hardly to be compared in sustained interest with the volume that deals with medicine. In ANNALS OF MEDICAL DETECTION (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), Berton Roueché, an American journalist with a flair for research and for expounding his findings in swift-moving prose, shows that tracking down diseases can take the investigator through paths as devious as any followed in the search for malefactors. The first story, "A Pig from New Jersey," which helped to win the author the 1950 Lasker Foundation Award for medical reporting, describes the terrors of trichina, a voracious endoparasitic worm which lodges in the muscle fibres of an animal host. Numerous animals, from the mole to the hippopotamus, are hospitable to the trichina, but it has a strong predilection for pigs, and man's only source of infection is pork—for the most part raw pork. Mr. Roueché shows how a case in Lenox Hill Hospital, New York, was tracked to its New Jersey source by way of a Schlachtfest in Yorkville. A chapter which will interest Londoners in particular describes the great fog of Donora in 1948. In that Pennsylvania town in the densely industrialised area along the Monongahela River, fog gathers as nowhere else in the United States, and in that dread visitation of nearly six years ago it so engulfed Donora that nineteen people died in the space of a few days and 6,000 people in all were affected by the sulphur dioxide and its oxidation in the atmosphere. The Donora fog was the second smoke-contaminated fog in history to reach a toxic density. From it, and from Mr. Roueché's fine reporting, we can derive vital lessons—but not much comfort.

Douglas G. Browne and Alan Brock have collaborated in a new book of crime detection entitled FINGER PRINTS (Harrap. 15s.). They describe the history and development of the science of dactyloscopy, which has been brought to such a high pitch in the past fifty years, while emphasising that it is really nothing new, having been used in the Far East in ancient times for diplomatic and trade transactions, and also for criminal investigation. The account of the classic Blackburn investigation, which led to Peter Griffiths being tried for the murder of June Devaney after 46,600 other Blackburn citizens had been voluntarily finger-printed, is a tribute at once to police doggedness and scientific methods.

Valentine Dyall, so well known to radio listeners, has brought together a collection of weird problems from the past under the title of UNSOLVED MYSTERIES (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.). In his introduction, Mr. Dyall declares that he has a fatal fascination for "the sealed room," he cannot resist an unsolved mystery, and if it happens to involve buckets of blood—well, that's no deterrent. One of the stories he retells is that of the liner *Waratah*, which presumably went down while rounding the African coast in 1909. At any rate, the ship was never seen again, and no wreckage was found. Mr. Dyall eerily describes the premonitions of one of the passengers, who by some sixth sense seemed certain of the ship's impending doom, and who left her at an African port in order to join another ship for the rest of his journey.

Stanley D. Porteous has written a realistic introduction to Hawaii, that exotic playground of popular fiction, which is also on occasions the scene of terrifying violence when great earth tremors occur. He calls it CALABASHES AND KINGS (Harrap. 15s.), and finds many paradoxes in this paradise of islands, where for some people it is always high noon, with nodding palms and sunny beaches. Three miles back from the flashing surf he shows us another Hawaii of dark and dripping forests, where scarcely anyone ventures, while in the vast upland areas of volcanic ash can be seen what is possibly earth's nearest approach to the craters of the moon. Mr. Porteous contributes a most enlivening chapter on Hawaii's social development, and has much to say about the prudery and puritanism of those who first came to govern in the Pacific.

Justice Douglas, of the United States Supreme Court, is a man who dares to be a liberal in a land where pale-pink politics are suspect. He is also a forthright writer and close observer of human kind. His latest book, NORTH FROM MALAYA (Gollancz. 16s.), is an account of journeyings in the Malayan jungle, among the Huks of the Philippines, in Vietnam, Burma, Formosa and Korea. It is a most topical book, full of shrewd and statesmanlike comment. We of the West can never hope to save Asia from Communism, he says, or from any other form of tyranny. But we can help Asia acquire the strength to win her own independence and to maintain and enjoy it.

Horace Annesley Vachell, now in his ninety-third year, has just completed his hundredth book, and he gives it the adventurous title QUESTS (Seeley Service. 12s. 6d.). Here he chats intimately about the many things which have given him most pleasure in his long life, not least the quest for, and the finding of, lasting friendships.

A recent addition

CALEDON-BUILT

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Kenya's Hotel in the Treetops

Near Nyeri, in the Heart of the Mau Mau Country, Guests can see a Wide Variety of Wild Animals in their Natural State

THE TREETOPS HOTEL, NYERI, KENYA: The hotel is built in the branches of an enormous fig-tree near a jungle water-hole. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who spent a night there watching the animals during their tour of Kenya, are among the many distinguished guests who have visited the hotel.

The Treetops Hotel at Nyeri is unique among hotels. Built in the branches of an enormous fig-tree, it has most of the modern conveniences: electric light, running water, telephone, a bar, kitchen and dining-room, and accommodation for twenty guests. And from its verandah one can see the widest variety of wild animals ever gathered together outside a zoo. There are two attractions for them: a fine water-hole and an ample supply of salt which is maintained for them by the hotel.

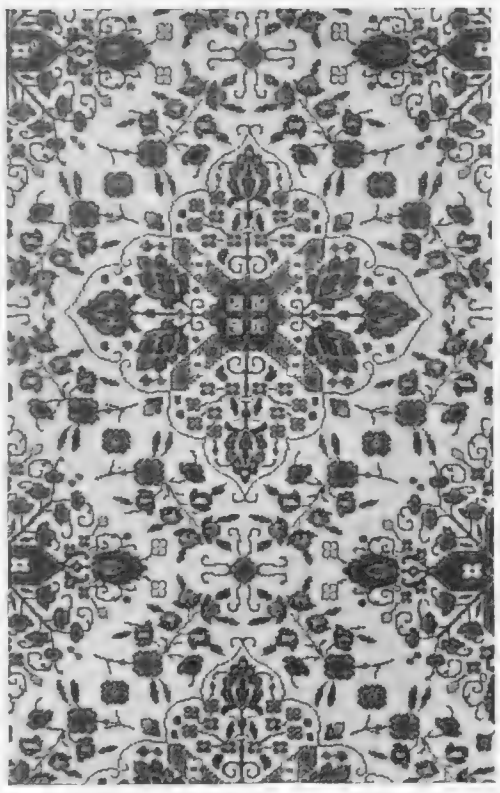
The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent a night there just before the death of King George VI cut short their tour of Kenya; the aircraft manufacturer Sir Geoffrey de Havilland and writer Graham Greene are among recent visitors.

An added excitement these days is the fact that the hotel is also in the heart of the Mau Mau area. Recently a gang broke in on a night when there were no guests. They carried off all the blankets and the hotel's two caretakers. Guests are now always accompanied by a soldier with Sten gun.

THE HOTEL ENTRANCE: Guests get in by an accommodation ladder which is hauled up, when all are on board, to keep out animal intruders—and the Mau Mau.

A RHINOCEROS ARRIVES: One of the attractions for the animals is a supply of salt. At night, a searchlight is trained on the area where the salt is spread.

GAZELLES LEAVE THE FOREST FOR A DRINK: The chief attraction for the animals is, of course, the water-hole, where they bathe and drink. Throughout a night, there is a constant coming and going of a variety of wild animals—some very dangerous.



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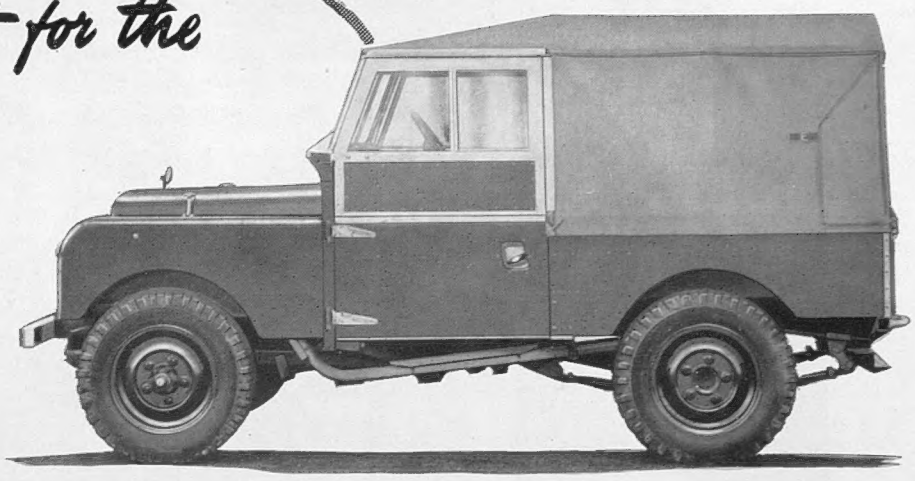

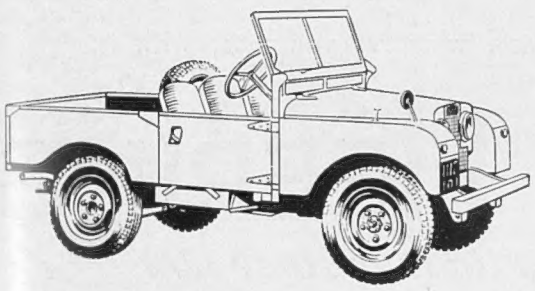

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★ **New 86" wheelbase**
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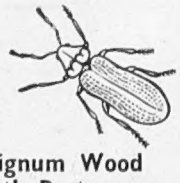

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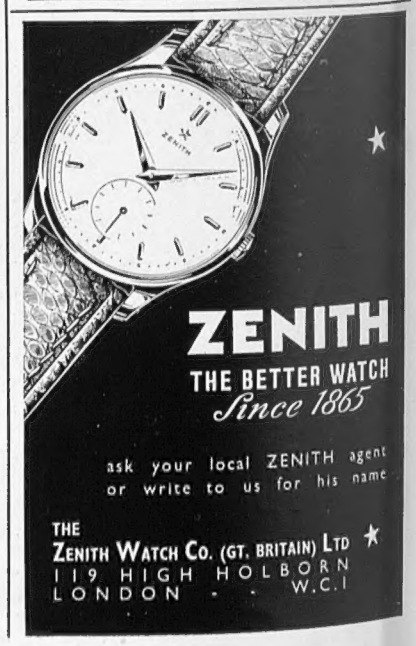

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"FEBRUARY fill the dyke." A wet, damp, dismal reputation has this second month of the year, yet such are the vagaries of the British climate that, instead, we may be able to chronicle fine, sunny spells with hints of spring. If so, what precious opportunities for a week-end, or longer, respite from everyday work. Clearly, with short hours of daylight, we will not be anxious to travel far afield, so let us plan with our eyes on the clock, using our knowledge of near-by coast and countryside, and choose those hotels where warmth and welcome are practised in full measure, irrespective of season.

Last month I dealt with the counties of Kent and Sussex, so let us now cross the borders into Hampshire, of which Speed, the cartographer, wrote: "Of Hant-shire the soile is rich for Corne and Cattel, pleafant for pafturage, and plenteous for woods; in a word, in all commodities either for Sea or Land, bleffed and happy." A pleasant introduction to Hampshire is to take the London–Portsmouth road and call a halt—as did Admiral Nelson and other famous personalities—at The Royal Anchor, Liphook, which for years has had a well-merited reputation for its warmth and food and kindly welcome of the traveller.

Our next objective should be the ancient City of Winchester, where The Southgate Hotel, a Wren house of considerable charm, has had much money expended on it by the present owners, Catering Houses Limited. Whilst incorporating essential modern comforts they have refrained from destroying its old-world atmosphere. Wisely, they have retained its Victorian characteristics in one bedroom, and how American visitors clamour for it! To add even more to its attractions, I advocate the provision of night-caps and candlesticks, complete with snuffers!

Now we are on the verge of the New Forest, where, as I write, shafts of winter sunlight may be piercing through the naked branches of the trees. I have on my list a quartet of good hotels, all equipped to withstand winter gales. Note The Montagu Arms, at Beaulieu, which is rapidly gaining a high reputation under its present direction. There can be few pleasanter spots than its library-lounge with the glowing embers of its log fire. Another well-known New Forest landmark is The Compton Arms, at Stoney Cross, which abuts the Romsey–Ringwood road. Delightfully furnished and equipped with an eye to detail, even to a Thermos jug by one's bedside, this famous roadside and sporting inn has taken on a new lease of life since it came under the ownership of Mr. W. C. Hope last year. Apart from a winter sojourn there, being so strategically placed for Winchester, Bournemouth, Southampton and Salisbury, it is an hotel that might also be considered for a spring holiday. Then, there is my old favourite—Parkhill Country House Hotel, a mile outside Lyndhurst, on the Beaulieu road. Mr. and Mrs. James Hargreaves, and their friendly staff, have such a happy knack of making one feel at ease that the grille at the front gate not only shuts out the cattle but all the worries of life. Another small hotel worth the discovering is Plaish House, at Winkton, near Christchurch. It stands within sight and sound of the Hampshire Avon, and thus is well known to fishermen. It also draws lovers of good food and wine, for Mr. and Mrs. Bowring make a feature of meals cooked to order for chance visitors.

Hampshire is fortunate in claiming that most popular winter resort—Bournemouth. So well served is it by rail that in winter I advocate leaving the car behind. And what a wide selection of hotels there are from which to choose! In the top class is The Carlton, which has an excellent name and offers wonderful service by day or night. So personal and pleasing is it that I always ask the management not to add the staff gratuities to my bill, because I like to give to, and thank, those concerned individually. An hotel which, to my mind, warrants a greater measure of winter patronage is the Tollard Royal, on the West Cliff, for its very position provides probably the finest seascape view in Bournemouth. Always cosily warm, with coal fires as well as central heating in the lounges, a plentiful supply of bedrooms with bathrooms *en suite*, and a staff which is always pleased to welcome newcomers and "regulars," Tollard Royal is another good choice. Of the more popularly-priced hotels, Bourne Hall would take a lot of beating, for it has all the attributes of its more expensive competitors except a sea view, which is not so important or desirable when a south-west gale is bent on rattling the sea-front windows. The secret of Bourne Hall's success lies in the fact that it has been under the same personal direction for twenty-five years or more, and never has a year gone by without Mrs. R. J. Bray making improvements and additions. Now, I hear that in spite of the easily graduated stairs and quite a number of ground-floor bedrooms, a lift is being installed.

If I am not careful, Bournemouth may well absorb my remaining space, but *en passant* I must record that my other recommendations there include Crag Head Hotel, on the East Cliff; Cranborne Hall Hotel, overlooking the Square, and Manor Heath Hotel, in Derby Road.

Among other Hampshire hotels which, because of their association with the traveller, cater for all-the-year-round trade, are The Red Lion, at Basingstoke, one of the Simonds hotels, where all modern comforts have been incorporated in an old-world structure; the small Beach Arms Hotel, at Oakley, on the Basingstoke–Andover road, one of the Catering Houses group; The Queen's Hotel, at Farnborough, another Simonds hotel, and The Whyte Lyon, at Hartford Bridge, near Hartley Wintney, of which a reader wrote me only last week: "Food and drink well above average in extremely pleasant surroundings. Dinner for two cost me £1 11s. 6d. and drinks. It is the pleasantest place for a meal that I have met this side of London."

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